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A Journal of Opinion

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The Churchill Tragedy

THE DAILY PRESS described Mr. Churchill's vote of confidence on December 8 as an overwhelming victory; but the coalition government might well add: A few more such victories, and we are lost. Mr. Churchill got 281 votes of a total House of Commons membership of 615, less than a majority. Moreover, even among those who voted for him, scores disapproved of what has been done in Italy, Greece and other liberated countries. They supported him only because they did not want to see the dissolution of the government at this time. Leading journals of Great Britain such as The Manchester Guardian and The New Statesman and Nation are against the Churchill policy. The London Times, normally a semi-official government organ, has opposed him on Greece. If it were not for the urgent necessities of war, the actions of British forces in shooting Greeks on their own soil because they want their own government and not one dominated by Great Britain, would certainly have caused the fall of the British cabinet. One can well imagine the feelings of men like C. R. Atlee, Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison and other Labor members of the government at being forced to support, if only by their silence, such deeds as these. What has happened in Greece may yet sweep the Tory Party out of power in the next national election.

Mr. Churchill's speech in his own defense seems to us not only the weakest but the most shameful of his whole career. At one stroke he has done much to tarnish the reputation he made as the spokesman for bulldog British courage in the darkest days of the blitz. The main point of his speech was that the Allies cannot tolerate disturbances in their rear which may interfere with the war effort. No one disputes that fact, but no honest, informed person can believe it has anything to do with the actions of the British government in Greece. The Germans are now entirely outside the Greek peninsula; the few Nazi garrisons remaining on islands in the Aegean are cut off from all help and may safely be left to wither on the vine. Mr. Churchill's charge that the EAM is secretly pro-Nazi is without any verification; even Mr. Eden was forced to ignore the accusation in his own speech on the situation. No country, not even Poland, has suffered more terribly at the hands of the Germans than Greece. Does Mr. Churchill imagine that the natives of that land have forgotten Distomo? The charge of pro-fascism is an ignoble falsehood.

Aside from this, Mr. Churchill's speech contained little except name-calling. He said the EAM consisted of communists and ruffians, using the terms interchangeably, and talked about "poor old Britain," which, he said, is criticized from all sides. Apparently it does not occur to him that such unanimity may mean that the critics are right. He talked about the armed forces of ELAS, the military arm of the EAM, who he charged were trying to seize the government of Greece by force. But here again there is no evidence that Mr. Churchill is correct, and a good deal of evidence to the contrary. Spokesmen for the EAM were quick to point out that if they had intended a violent revolution they could have brought it about, with the certainty of success, before the British troops landed. The London Times, which is the last paper in

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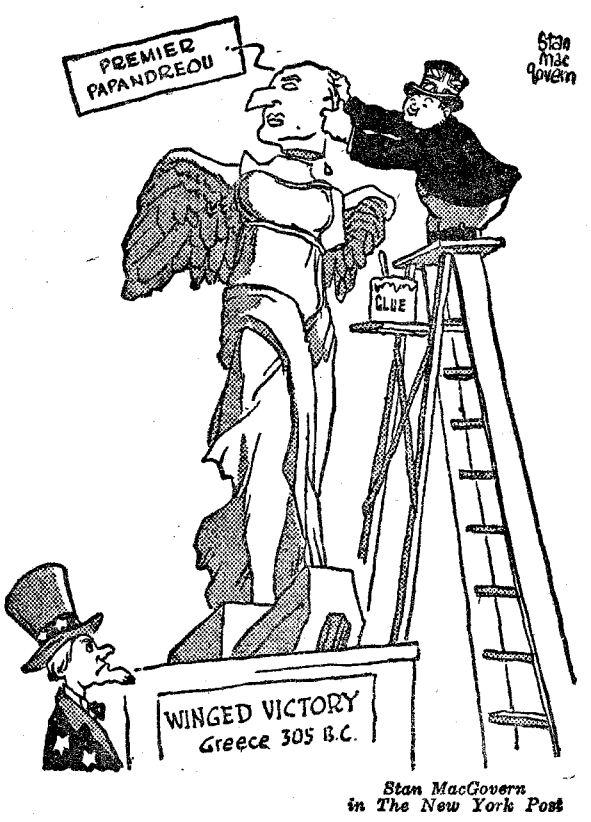
the world to oppose Mr. Churchill if it could avoid doing so, has said that the EAM is a coalition of practically all Greek parties except the extreme right: communists, socialists, liberals and agrarians. Moreover, it was the British, through the puppet Papandreou, who started the shooting. British weapons in Greek hands were fired at an unarmed group consisting largely of women and children, engaged in a peaceful demonstration, killing 21 of them. That incident will go down in history along with the O'Dwyer massacre in India, as a blot on the British record of which every decent Englishman will forever be ashamed.

If Greece or any other country in Europe wanted, by democratic methods, to adopt a communist form of government, we do not see how the Allies would have any normal right to interfere. For the record, however, let it be stated that in not a single liberated country is this true. What is desired by the peoples of Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, France, Belgium and Holland is in all cases a left-liberal regime with some nationalization of heavy industry and public utilities, within a democratic political framework. If the Allies believe in democracy, they should not only tolerate this development; they should actively encourage it.

Behind Mr. Churchill's fustian oratory lies a grim reality of a very different sort. It is not communism that he fears in Greece, but independence. The British government decided long ago that Greece must remain within her orbit to keep open the "lifeline of empire" through the Mediterranean to India and Australia. What Britain demands, at whatever cost, is a Greek government that will give her the sea and air bases she requires. Predictions were widely published months ago that the British would make these demands, and would forbid any Greek government except one committed in advance to carry them out. As for Russia's influence over Greece, there is no evidence that she would have any more power under the EAM than she already has, by the sheer fact of proximity and size, over all countries in that part of the world. And in any case, the British cannot admit they are fighting the Russians in Greece without admitting also that Britain's plan for a west European bloc under British auspices is aimed against the USSR.



Stan MacGovern in The New York Post

Looks Terrible!

In fact, in his anger against the Greeks who oppose, or might possibly oppose, British policy, Mr. Churchill entirely forgot the effect his words, as well as the actions of his soldiers in Greece, will have in Moscow. How do the Russians feel, to have communists made synonymous with ruffians and bandits? Do they remember that Mr. Churchill sang a very different tune when the Germans were being hurled back from Moscow and Stalingrad? How do they feel when the streets of Athens run red with the blood of Greeks fighting to rid their country of a foreign invader just as Russia has fought to drive back the Nazi hordes? Repeatedly it has been said that Hitler's one hope is to break up the Alliance. Mr. Churchill's course of action in Greece has already gone dangerously far in that direction. The United States Government, which in the past has certainly not shown itself too squeamish about the rights of democracy in the liberated countries, has found it necessary to repudiate British policy in Italy and Greece.

It is profoundly disturbing that the British should have taken their action in Italy against Count Sforza without consulting the United States, and should have acted in Greece on the basis only of a hasty personal description of British intentions months ago by Mr. Churchill to President Roosevelt, a description which obviously gave him no conception of the lengths to which Britain was prepared to go. Even after the chief powers have been in the war together for three years, there is still no sort of adequate, regular liaison. We do not yet have a United Nations Council, representing all the powers that are fighting the fascists, sitting continuously and solving just such problems as the Greek one before they burst into violence.

As to the sincerity of Mr. Churchill, we might remember that Tito's government in Yugoslavia, the only real government that country at present possesses, is closely similar to the EAM in Greece. Tito, too, has the support of people on the Left, ranging from communists to liberals. If Mr. Churchill were sincere in saying Britain cannot tolerate such a government anywhere in Europe, he should have made war on Tito long before this. On the contrary, he collaborates with Tito in every possible way. The answer is partly that Tito is strong, and partly that the British do not need Yugoslavia as they need Greece.

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No one need have been surprised at what Mr. Churchill and his group in the British government have done. His conception of democracy is and always has been an extremely narrow one; his devotion to conservative capitalism and to the British Empire has been strong and all-inclusive. Giving the Greeks the democratic government they want would never seem to him important in comparison with the necessities, or even the advantages, of the British Empire. But fortunately Mr. Churchill does not represent the whole British people. More than half the Parliament refused to vote his way. Powerful British journalistic voices have been raised against him. And the Prime Minister has been bitterly excoriated in the French press. Americans are entitled to rejoice at the new attitude President Roosevelt has revealed in the statement by Secretary of State Stettinius, statements for which the President himself is, of course, responsible.

The world today stands at a crossroads. Mr. Churchill's path leads to power politics, imperialism, spheres of influence and more and more war. The other path leads to democracy, peace and freedom. It is for people of good will throughout the world to fight, and fight hard, for the second road.

The Navy Helps MacArthur

The landing of the Seventy-seventh Division behind the Japanese lines at Ormoc is both a good illustration of the value of sea power and the evidence of what was gained in the second battle of the Philippine Sea. We are not told whether the convoy reached that area through Surigao Strait or that of San Bernardino—probably the former—but the important point is that either would hardly have been attempted while the Japanese fleet based on Singapore and Manila was still in a state to offer opposition. The chain of passages and reefs among the Philippines is strikingly similar to that through the Solomons, and it is noteworthy that throughout the long campaign for the upper islands in the latter chain not a single American landing was attempted along the inside flank; they all came from open sea, where they could have the protection of ships cruising at large on the way in, a procedure attended by its special drawback that all assaults were in effect frontal assaults.

The naval victory of October has thus enabled General MacArthur to rescue a campaign that had pretty well bogged down, as evidenced by the complaints from his headquarters about difficulties imposed by rain and talk about the extent of the Japanese losses. (Just why headquarters in the Philippines should be complaining about the rains is not exactly clear; the army's own manual on the Philippines, published for the delectation of every private, points out that rains in the Leyte area during December amount to between 25 and 40 inches a month, one of the heaviest rainfalls in the world.) The point is that over-optimism at the start of the campaign, frequently described as an occupational disease of generals, has always found a particularly easy victim in General Douglas MacArthur.

Japan's Plan of Action

He apparently did not think that the Japanese would make the all-out fight for Leyte that they have—another illustration of the truism that a military campaign consists of the working out of one party's plans as modified by the counter-plans of the other. The nature of the Japanese plan seems now fairly clear: they are trying to prevent American access to the coast of China until they have set up the long desired land-communication line across south China to the food and raw-materials areas of Indo-China and Burma. If this line is once set up on a firm basis, it would not matter whether they lost control of the South China Sea or not; and this is why they were willing to sacrifice so much of their navy in the October battle.

At the same time the indications are that the prevention of such a line rests rather upon the MacArthur offensive than upon anything the Chinese themselves can do or upon the Allies working from north Burma. Chinese sources report a victory at Tuhshan, which has for the time being relieved the Japanese pressure in Kweichow and removed the threat to Kweiyang. It may or may not be a permanent victory; there has been no indication in any of this year's fighting that the Japanese could be prevented from taking anything they really wanted in China, and there has been no reported victory over the other Japanese force working its way toward Kunming, which would equally sever the Ledo-Burma road connection toward Chungking, on which three years of painful effort have now been expended. In fact the announcement this week that General Chen Cheng planned to train 30 Chinese divisions with modern weapons early next year can only be interpreted as an admission of the complete incapacity of the Chinese armies to accomplish anything with what they have at present.

China Is Fought-out

China has no facilities for making modern weapons and the announcement really means that the Kuomintang government is offering to place enough men at the disposal of the Allies for 30 divisions to be formed if we can break through the line of the Philippines and establish communications into the up-country. The figure is itself illuminating; the Japanese are supposed to have an army of 3.5 million men, or well over 125 divisions, very few of which have been engaged anywhere by modern troops. Thirty divisions, at that still distant date when they will be trained and equipped, would not go very far against such a force. The state-

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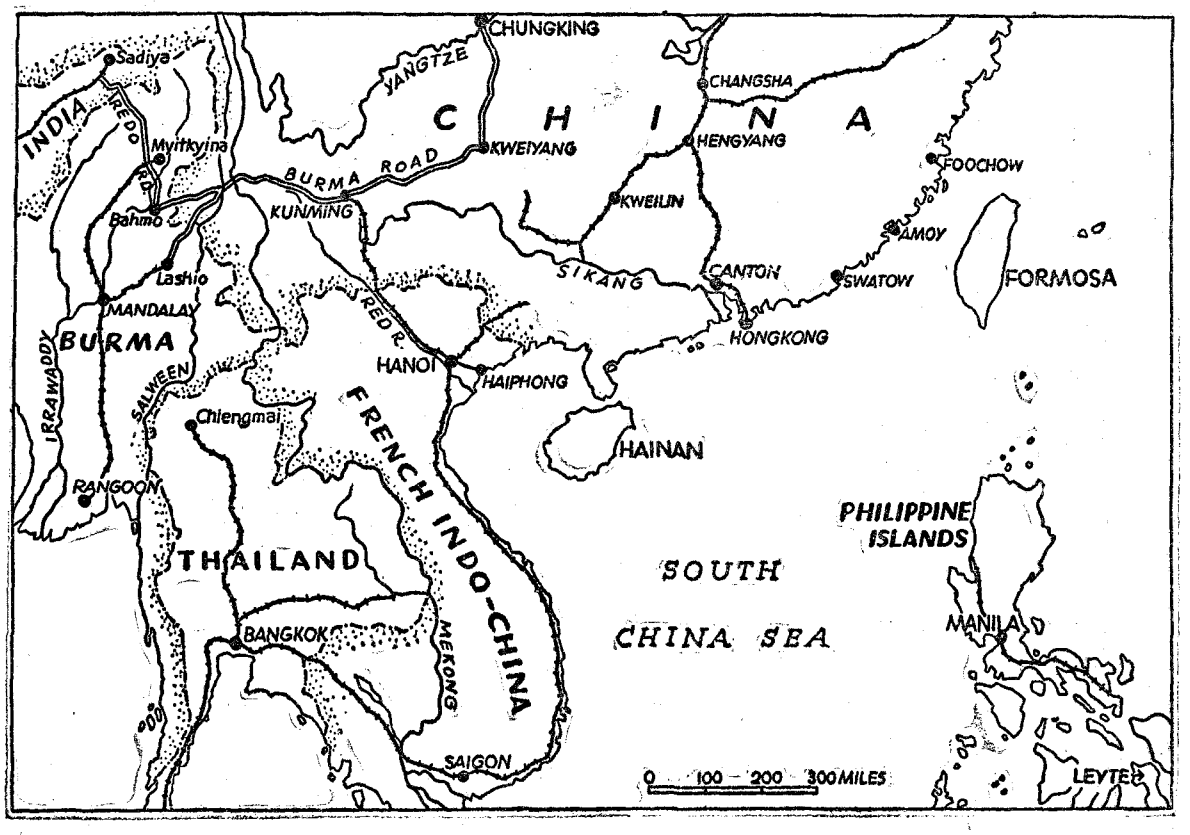
ment amounts to an announcement of what a great many had suspected long before the Stilwell affair brought things to a head—that the Chinese are very nearly as thoroughly fought-out as the Italians were at the date of the capture of Sicily and any further military help received from them in the war is not likely to be very substantial.

In the meantime it would be interesting to find out what went on in Japanese minds when an earthquake and the B-29's arrived simultaneously to celebrate the anniversary of Pearl Harbor. Of all the dictator nations, the Japanese have made the greatest use of the dictatorship technique of keeping their people in ignorance and superstition, and it is not too much to hope that they will get a certain amount of moral backfire out of a coincidence which their whole system of education trains them to regard as something beyond mere chance.

Heavy Losses in the West

There is very little to be said about the western front this week except to remark that the losses are heavy—there has been hint after hint leaking through the censorship that they are heavier than any this country has yet seen in the war—and the advances slow. The announcements from headquarters and the correspondents who get their information there stress that the objective is less territorial gain at the present time than the reduction of the German army by a process of attrition. There is something in this; but there is probably a good deal more gain in the reduction of the morale of the German army.

Ever since Frederick the Great nearly lost his army and his empire at Torgau, there has been a tradition—with almost the force of absolute law—in German military circles that German armies should not attempt to fight winter campaigns. Hitler's effort to override this tradition brought one disaster before Moscow and a second was forced upon the Nazis at Stalingrad. Now they are once again fighting a winter campaign—with great skill, holding in most cases to the positions they must hold, but the decision will be rendered less upon the battlefield than in the minds of the German soldiers of all ranks when the campaign merges into that of spring—provided always that our own losses are not in excess of our capacity to furnish replacements. The reopening of the draft in the higher age-brackets has been explained as having been undertaken to replace men released into industry. There is a certain suggestion of disingenuousness about this at a time when the army in France has been taking losses at such a rate, and it would be interesting to compare the casualty figures with those for new men accepted in the draft.



Strategy Against Japan

The exploits of the B-29 have tended to obscure the fact that the war against Japan in all its essentials is still being conducted far to the south, in the area shown on this map. The front runs partly across water; but this should not disguise the fact that essentially the Japanese campaign is one to provide an alternative line of communications for that now running by sea up the China coast which will be interrupted if MacArthur breaks through the barrier of the Philippines.

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The Soviet-French Pact

Although the text of the Soviet-French pact of alliance and mutual assistance has not yet been made public, it is generally assumed that it follows roughly the Soviet-British treaty of 1942. Like the latter, it is to run for twenty years, and probably includes war preventive measures as well as the usual guarantees of military assistance in case of attack by a third power. But more important than its intrinsic merits are the power-politics implications of the treaty. It definitely has the effect of eliminating the danger that Europe may be split into two spheres of influence under British and Russian control, spheres in which the only active diplomatic agents would be these two great powers. The pact also suggests that in the postwar world the powers will not exclusively rely on such international peace machinery as envisaged at Dumbarton Oaks, but will continue to reinsure their security by a series of bilateral or regional agreements.

Wage Policy

In the interest of maintaining a balanced economy without severe injustices to any one group, and to secure a firm basis upon which our reconversion and postwar economy may be built, there can be but one conclusion—the national wage policy must be changed. There must be a realistic revision of the Little Steel formula to permit a substantial adjustment of wage rates at the present time.

Philip Murray, president of the CIO, wrote that to President Roosevelt. CIO economists have presented figures which prove that raising steel wages, for instance, would not result in pushing prices up. They contend that continuing present tax policies, bond-purchase plans, price control and rationing must be our defense against inflation rather than a slashing of wage standards. It is high time that the minimum wage allowed under the minimum-wage law is raised. The Pepper bill raising the national minimum to 65 cents an hour is a good start.

Congressional Reorganization

As we recently predicted would be the case, the reactionary forces in Congress are all out to steal the credit for reforming that body. Just as the House Rules Committee was reporting out the Maloney-Monroney resolution to investigate congressional organization, patronage-minded elements in the House pushed through a bill which allows each member an additional $3,000 per year for clerk hire. There is no question but that congressmen need better staff assistance than they are provided at present, but this bill is hardly the best answer to the problem.

All expert studies that have been made favor increased staffs for the standing committees of the two houses. A major point of the original Maloney-Monroney resolution was to determine where staff additions would do the most good. If passed as reported out of the Rules Committee, the bill will still do that. But there are limitations on it, such as the three-month time limit placed on the whole study, which rule out an honest reorganization plan.

Good News about Freight Rates

The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission on Inter-Territorial Freight Rate Classification, which had not been expected before spring, will probably be handed down within the next ten days. Almost certainly it will be favorable to the South and the West, will remove at least some of the obstacles to the industrialization of these key regions and will underwrite hundreds of thousands of postwar jobs. Nevertheless, it will overcome only a limited number of obstacles. Many more steps will be required before freight rates are fully equalized.

International Free Speech

At its most recent meeting, the American Society of Newspaper Editors issued a statement with regard to free speech that deserves the full support of democrats everywhere. This usually cautious group, looking forward to the restoration of a peacetime system of international communications, urged all governments to join in reciprocal declarations on the right of the people to read and listen to news without censorship. It urged removal of all "political, economic and military barriers to the freedom of world information," on the ground that such freedom is vital to an enduring peace. Specifically, ASNE calls for:

1. Recognition that complete friendship with any other sovereign power is dependent on the freedom, the abundance and the exchange of information between people.

2. Recognition that any printed matter, film, broadcast or other medium of public information paid in whole or in part, directly or indirectly, by a government, organization or person, should carry conspicuous labels as to source.

3. Recognition that any government or private monopoly of the media of information is inimical to the public interest. . . .

4. Refusal to recognize the right of any government, organization or person . . . to place any barriers against the free exchange of information between the peoples of the world or to censor information in time of peace. . . .

Exploratory talks with other nations on this question have already been announced by our State Department. This statement by ASNE should help to stimulate action.

People in the Limelight: II

Ulric Bell, executive vice-president of Americans United for World Organization, is a man with a heavy load of responsibility these days. It is his job to explain the Dumbarton Oaks proposals to the American people and to swing public opinion in favor of them when the matter comes before the Senate for

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ratification. To be sure, Mr. Bell is not alone in working at this task. Other organizations, and other people in his own organization, are participating; but if anyone were to be named as the Eisenhower of this fight, it would be he. Americans United is itself a consolidation of other groups, such as Free World Association, Fight for Freedom, United Nations Association, Committee to Defend America and Citizens for Victory. Federated with it are research and educational bodies, such as Federal Union, Freedom House, Friends of Democracy and many others, each of which is contributing to the effort in its own way.

Americans United by no means holds itself above the hurly-burly of politics. In the late election it fought hard and successfully for men who recognized America's worldwide responsibilities against such people as Nye and Fish. Today, it is calling regional and local conferences throughout the country, some only for leaders of opinion, others for the public, to hear about Dumbarton Oaks. Under the auspices of Americans United, people as important as Admirals Hepburn and Wilson and the new Undersecretary of State, Joseph Grew, are going barnstorming on behalf of the new world organization.

Like some other distinguished publicists, Bell hails from Louisville, Kentucky, and is an alumnus of The Courier-Journal. He came to his present work after long service as a Washington correspondent, from which he occasionally took time off to advise Secretary Hull on press matters during important international conferences. In his early fifties, he is calm, bland, slightly rotund, a clear and careful speaker and thinker. You may take it as settled that he will do a good job in his present important post.

Graft in Albany

NEW YORK STATE has sent several of its Governors to the White House, including Franklin Roosevelt. Its present Governor has been a presidential candidate and may be again. It is not surprising therefore that the political health of the state draws national attention. For years, it has been common knowledge that the New York legislature was slipshod, if not actually corrupt, in many of its affairs. When Mr. Dewey loomed on the horizon as Republican presidential timber, more than the usual interest became attached to the doings of the Republican-controlled legislature. Several investigations have been started, some of them fishing expeditions by the Democrats, some of them intended as protective or reprisal efforts by the Republicans.

One investigation has been conducted by a distinguished New York attorney, Hiram C. Todd. Instigated by Governor Dewey, it has certainly been no whitewash of the legislature, and anyone who knew Mr. Todd should have been aware that it wouldn't be. His interim report, just published, reveals a shocking state of affairs. The legislature spends more than twice as much as it did twenty years ago, with little to show for the increased expenditure. In the first six months since the investigation was announced, the legislative payroll has dropped by $157,000, obviously because the members knew somebody was looking. Last year the legislators drew $56,000 as "lulu" allowances which were in fact for the most part secret additions to their salaries. Large numbers of employees get in the aggregate big sums for which some of them do little or no service. The payroll system is hopelessly confused and inefficient, for the deliberate purpose of concealing expenditures. Some people draw two or more salaries from different departments. Others are paid regularly while giving their full time to outside business. Among these Mr. Todd found a printer, a restaurant manager, a boxing promoter, a business executive, store clerks, factory workers, etc. He quotes from their testimony:

> I didn't do much of anything for the state [received $1,000]. I only spent four or five days in Albany that year [$700]. I guess I didn't earn the money the state paid me [$800]. Well, anyway, I ran a few errands [$750]. I don't recall doing a single thing for that money [$1,000].

Let no one suppose that only the Republicans are wicked in Albany. The same system prevailed when the Democrats were in power. It goes on, in greater or less degree, year in and year out, almost all over the United States; rarely do reform measures produce more than a temporary improvement, lasting a few years. To rid our political democracy of the ugly stain of corruption is one of our great unfulfilled tasks. Meanwhile, all we can do is to clean up the mess from time to time as best we can. Mr. Todd has made a fine beginning in Albany, in 1944, by his interim report.

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Rivers and Prosperity

WIDESPREAD ACCLAIM for the ten-year accomplishments of the Tennessee Valley Authority is promoting at home and abroad the adoption of new types of river development and land use, such as will make possible over great areas improved standards of living and intriguing opportunities for commercial and industrial activity. The generous support being accorded Senator Murray's proposal for a Missouri Valley Authority—MVA—is one telling bit of evidence as to the influence which the TVA is exerting. All over the world—in India, China, Africa, Russia, Palestine, Brazil and other parts of Latin America, and in the Balkans—comparable river-valley projects have been started or are being actively planned with the TVA usually as their acknowledged inspiration. Every such project necessarily involves engineering works—sometimes on a vast scale—and the acquisition of all kinds of paraphernalia required for the new and often novel types of activity, both agricultural and industrial, which are brought into fruitful being. The implications will hardly be overlooked by dynamic American business enterprise.

This developing situation opens up promising opportunities for employment in the years just ahead when the returning armies and workers released from war plants will have to be absorbed back into a peacetime economy. Fortunately this widening in our work outlook occurs at a time when progress in technology has been putting limits on employment as ordinarily conceived and thus threatening the whole social structure.

But looking beyond these immediate objectives, we may be witnessing a synthesis of administration and science comparable in the life of the race to the Industrial Revolution, which came into being 150 years ago with the invention of the steam engine. Note these occurrences—recent as history goes. Edison gave us light in 1883 with electricity generated by burning coal under a boiler. About 1890 this coal-generated electric energy began to be used for power in industry adjacent to the power plant. Then was developed the ability to transmit electricity increasing distances from the point of generation to the point of use. And finally, around the turn of the century, electricity began to be obtained in volume from falling waters. We can now generate electricity in any volume, either with coal or from falling water, and send it economically hundreds of miles to the point of use. This cycle is complete.

Now witness developments in an entirely different field. About the time President Theodore Roosevelt held his 1907 Conservation Conference in the White House, the Department of Agriculture officially expressed the view that "The soil is the one indestructible, immutable asset that the nation possesses. It is the one resource that cannot be exhausted; that cannot be used up." In other words, there was nothing to worry about. Since then we have become convinced that, through gulley and sheet erosion and other types of depletion, the soil—the foundation of practically all life—has been ruined over vast areas throughout the world. Everywhere the baneful process is actually being accelerated. In low moments we worry with Shaler as to whether "human culture can devise and enforce ways of dealing with the earth so that it may support men of the ages to come"[1]—a statement made before the rise to power of mechanized agriculture.

However, beginning early in the present administration in the United States, a wide variety of steps have been taken in the line of soil conservation and improved land use. The sciences involved have grown by leaps and bounds. While the integration of the wide variety of specialization has hardly started, it begins to look as if a solution of this appalling problem may be in sight, or at least around the corner. It is generally agreed that if adequate remedies are to be found, the United States must discover them.

At this crisis in our dilemma along comes the TVA, combining the advantages that go with abundant low-priced electricity coupled with enlightened land-use. It operates under legislation prohibiting politics and encouraging efficiency. Through a large measure of local autonomy, which has been wisely administered, the term, "consent of the governed," has been given a new significance—startling in a "tired old" world because it operates constructively at the lower economic levels. The TVA is democracy intimately nurtured by socially minded science and engineering. The process is only in its infancy. But the demonstration of gains has been so dramatic that we must hold the hope that a public continuously on guard will protect what is now vastly more than a social experiment carried on in what has been considered one of the less desirable sections of the United States. The TVA is already economically and socially a symbol for a new and promising phase in mankind's forward march.

The essence of the Authority type of administration is "one river—one problem." All individual policy and managerial questions are balanced in the light of what is best for the watershed as a unit. The whole river and all its potentialities are utilized for the maximum benefit of the whole area and all its people under the largest measure of local autonomy consistent with the controlling legislation.

Many important rivers do not invite Authority administration. They do not have the characteristics re-

[1] "Economic Aspects of Soil Erosion," by Nathaniel S. Shaler, National Geographic Magazine, November, 1896, page 374.

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quired for multiple-purpose use such as have been developed in the Tennessee Valley—navigation, power, industrial development, recreation, potable water supply, soil conservation, flood control, higher standards of living and all the rest. For instance, it is hard to envision the Amazon, draining seven countries in northern Latin America, as anything but a transportation agency, an arm of the sea. Again, the Skagit, flowing from Canada into the State of Washington, equipped with a series of high dams, provides the city of Seattle with its electric supply and that is all.

In transmitting the TVA bill to Congress, President Roosevelt said, "If we are successful here [in the Tennessee Valley] we can march on, step by step, in a like development of other great natural territorial units within our borders." Consistent therewith, at a news conference held just after the recent election, in endorsing the Missouri Valley Authority, the President said that even if "blindfolded" he could outline the "seven" principal "territorial units" into which the country may ultimately be divided for the Authority type of administration. As listed in 1937 in Senate bill 2555, these were (1) the Atlantic Seaboard, (2) the Great Lakes and Ohio Valley, (3) the Tennessee Valley, together with the Cumberland, (4) the Missouri Valley, (5) the Arkansas with the Red and the Rio Grande, (6) the Southwestern area, including the Colorado, and (7) the Columbia.

As the matter stands today, progress toward this ultimate possibility will be reached through establishing Authorities in the valleys of the Missouri, Arkansas, Columbia, Colorado, Sacramento-San Joaquin and the Ohio. The Yazoo in Mississippi would be among the close seconds. My own Delaware should be included.

As we launch this epochal new scheme for the better internal organization of our country, we should get away from the idea that every river development is different. They will vary of course as to engineering and other relatively minor details but hardly at all as to their broad social, economic, political and technological implications. To emphasize similarities rather than to stress differences should be our aim. We have learned this lesson to advantage in so many other fields that it should not be too difficult here. The outcry, "But my business is different," is invariably an early obstacle to the development of modern scientific, industrial organizations. So what is admitted to be a thoroughly successful TVA then becomes a carefully worked out pattern, not to be blindly copied, but rather used as a guide to avoid unnecessary experimentation.

One distinction to be made between the TVA and the proposed MVA is found in the fact that in the upper parts of the Missouri Valley, because of the climate, water is very scarce, and agriculture difficult for the lack of it, while in the lower reaches of the river, floods and navigation have been considered the major problems. This simply means that the MVA must make every endeavor possible to conserve and augment the available supply of water in the north, while dealing with the seasonal surpluses downstream.

In recognizing differences between Authorities we must have in mind the distinction to be made between questions such as the one just mentioned, affected by unchangeable weather conditions, and those which are man-made, such as battles for prestige and power between departments or lobbies. If, for instance, the Corps of Engineers of the army had won its strenuous fight to build the dams on the Tennessee, the TVA might well have been a failure. The Army Engineers, with navigation as their chief responsibility, proposed a system of high dams for the Tennessee River, but only on the condition that they be built by private interests or by states or cities, with the federal government contributing only the cost of navigation facilities. This cost was to be measured by the estimated cost of a system of 32 low dams providing navigation only and proposed for construction in case utilities or the states were uninterested—as they proved to be, despite persuasive efforts—in building the high dams. Had these low dams been built, they might have forestalled forever the construction of the system of nine high dams on the Tennessee which now produce large amounts of power as well as helping to control floods. Likewise if the Bureau of Reclamation, all by its lonesome, makes the decisions as to the location, size and characteristics of irrigation projects in the Missouri Valley without regard to the interests and future of the watershed as a whole, unified control becomes impossible in the sense in which, under congressional direction, it has been practised by the TVA. The most effective relationship between the projected Authorities and certain functional agencies of the federal government, such as the Soil Conservation Service, the Army Engineers, the Reclamation Service, of course remains to be worked out. In the process local autonomy must not be sacrificed. If the agitation for an Authority to control works and operations in the Sacramento-San Joaquin area, constituting two-thirds of the state of California, is successful, it will be the first such federal agency to function wholly within the bounds of a single state. The Authority type of administration for these particular valleys has very great national importance.

Certain suggested river-valley projects abroad are complicated by the fact that the streams to be developed cross national boundaries, and therefore might introduce difficulties growing out of differences in language, race, religion and politically entrenched interests—age-old causes of strife. However, the promise of better living conditions growing out of river development may prove irresistible in such situations. "Ideologies separate; projects unite." It will be recalled in this connection that in the debates over the TVA, conflicts among the seven states in the region were anticipated

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Such conflicts did develop—some of them of serious magnitude potentially. But through the consultation method all have been amicably adjusted. Another handicap to be encountered in some of the foreign proposals is industrial backwardness, especially noticeable in regions with most to gain from a coördinated river development. The best development of a river valley calls for a nice integration between industry and agriculture, such as is developing in the Tennessee watershed.

Let us look at the trade potentialities for this class of undertakings at home and abroad. The following 30 concerns are among a long list of those from which the TVA as a public agency has made its larger purchases, and give some idea of the spread by industries:

Allis-Chalmers, Baldwin Locomotive Works, Newport News Shipbuilding Company, General Electric, Westinghouse Electric, Aluminum Company, American Steel and Wire, Anaconda Wire and Cable, Phelps-Dodge Corporation, Ohio Brass Company, Graybar Electric, American Bridge, Koppers Company, Bethlehem Steel, Ingalls Iron Works, Virginia Bridge Company, American Radiator, Crane, American Blower, Babcock and Wilcox, Fairbanks-Morse, Food Machinery Corporation, Ingersoll-Rand Company, Lehigh Portland Cement, Marquette Cement, Caterpillar Tractor, Dravo Corporation, Ford, International Harvester and Marion Steam Shovel.

As a key to the volume of consumer purchases of appliances, dealer reports in the TVA power-service area for 1941, the last year in which complete records were kept, show that 56,312 refrigerators, 19,286 ranges and 8,310 water-heaters were sold. The total dealer sales amounted to $18,958,505, representing annual sales per customer of $50.38. In 1940, the last year in which annual sales per customer in the nation as a whole were estimated, the per-capita sales were $7.21, and in the Southeast, $6.43.

As to our American projects, one final observation. An outstanding characteristic of the nineteenth century was the colonial economy through which Great Britain and, to a lesser extent, other nations, waxed rich and powerful through importing the raw products of faraway lands, processing them, and then shipping the manufactured articles overseas to countries then unequipped to produce them. These articles were almost invariably sold at fancy prices.

This sequence closely resembles that now current between some of the states of the Union—especially noticeable as they are grouped into regions. For historical reasons, as well as because of the present-day balance of financial and political power, our Northeastern section, where industry was first developed and where it still flourishes, fabricates a disproportionate share of the minerals and agricultural products of the South and West and then ships back the manufactured products at generally favorable freight rates to be sold, frequently at protected prices. As recently as 1905, 60 percent of cotton, a product grown exclusively in the South and Southwest, was fabricated in the North. Today about 90 percent of American wool, mostly the product of the Ohio Valley and the Mountain states, is used in New England mills. Of the copper mined in the West, two-thirds is refined and about the same percentage manufactured along the Northern sector of the Atlantic Seaboard.

As in the case between nations, the coming of electric power is changing all this. If and when a greater measure of local economic control can be achieved, region by region, as has already happened to a considerable extent in the Tennessee Valley, the local utilization and manufacture of resources will put an end to the uneconomic and anti-social regional dominance born of historical and other purely accidental causes.

The war has taught us that our capacity for production is almost without limit. But with the coming of peace there will arise the spectre of the unsolved distribution problem. A large part of the answer can be local processing and sale, and this whether on a national or an international scale. The garden truck now grown and frozen in New Jersey and shipped West and South can be grown, packed and sold in those regions. The rice formerly obtained from Burma for native use in French West Africa is now being harvested on the Niger River on a project of TVA parentage under the French Colonial Administration.

For American business, in coöperation with the government, labor and agriculture, enthusiastically and successfully to promote river-valley projects at home and abroad would seem to be an inviting task, and one which could indefinitely postpone the possibility of widespread unemployment. It seems entirely probable that some government credit will be immediately available for domestic projects. Some of the Indian projects, that on the Godavaris River, for instance, and the one in French West Africa, are being financed right at home by public authority. Presumably the Soviet Union knows how to lay hands on the rubles required for the largest hydro plant in the world, now building on the reconstructed Dnepropetrovsk site.

One American company has given to one foreign country a fabulous drawing account to be used for works including river projects. A long-term credit pool, supported by a dozen American industrial concerns such as those listed earlier in this article, could make a substantial start in eradicating that abject poverty and squalor which not only disgrace civilization but threaten the peace of the world. Whatever the source of the financing, these developments must be permitted to stimulate, strengthen and broaden the base for democratic ways and greater human freedom. In the face of such an opportunity we should abandon all thoughts of a shrinking economy. A large part of the earth's surface is yearning to be made over, TVA-wise.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

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Western Front

Notes from a Soldier's Diary

THE INDOCTRINATION. – When our leading elements hit the Normandy beach at H-hour on June 6, the outfit was entirely inexperienced in battle. Only a very few of our officers and men, those transferred from other outfits or with service in other wars, knew what combat is like. From a personal point of view, it was a pretty good way to start. Most of us didn't know enough to be adequately frightened; we avoided a lot of fruitless advance anxiety. And those of us who survived the first days received a great deal of concentrated experience in a shockingly compact package.

On D-plus-one the Division Command Post was located in an old quarry beside the road through the main beach exit and not more than 200 yards from the shoreline. The Engineers had cleared the road of mines, but both shoulders of the road and the adjacent fields and paths were laced with high explosives. We had known, of course, that they would be; the minefields showed plainly on the maps we had been issued back in England.

One of our men had forgotten the mines, or perhaps he had been forced to try to cross the field directly opposite the quarry. In any case he hadn't made it. His body lay face down in the grass against a small bank. One of the senior officers stood by the road watching the new men (as contrasted with the "old men" who had been ashore 24 hours) moving up the road from the beach toward the confused, shifting front. He didn't want them to forget about mines. Every five or ten minutes he would stop a group of marching men.

"How do you feel?" he would ask.

"Fine, sir."

"Scared? Of course you're scared. That's okay." Each group laughed appreciatively. "What do you fellows think is in that field?"

"Mines, sir." The response was automatic but not quite positive.

"You're goddamned right there are mines! And look over there. See that dumb guy? He didn't believe it."

The group would look, shocked.

"We can't afford to lose men like that. Don't you forget those mines!"

I doubt that any of those men will ever forget.

The Resisters. – We've been associated with soldiers of the resistance movements in Brittany, Holland and (very slightly) Belgium. Of course we judge them by our own standards, especially by their physical appearance, and all we know is their activity within our own sector; both criteria may have given completely false impressions.

In Normandy we heard that the Maquis were giving us important assistance by running riot in the Germans' rear areas; but we never got to see them, so we assumed that their aid was a myth, like the story in Stars and Stripes when we were back in England about an impending issue of GI soda fountains.

As we moved out onto the Brittany peninsula we met members of the French Forces of the Interior along our march route. They didn't look so hot; no uniforms other than an armband and no equipment as far as we could see except small arms (mostly of Nazi manufacture) which they had scraped together. Of course, at first stance we missed their chief attribute: that they hated, and therefore enjoyed killing, Nazis.

The FFI looked like a mob of amateurs, dirty and disorganized. Some of them were wearing so much German equipment that they must have been in constant danger of being shot through misidentification. And they spoke French. Our men, quite properly, were suspicious of the whole lot; what was to prevent a German from manufacturing one of the simple armbands? How could we be sure that the FFI men around our installations were bona-fide and not German spies?

We were never able to get rid of our suspicion (there was nothing to prevent the Germans from faking the FFI insignia), but in short order we learned a good deal of respect for the organization. Part of that respect was borrowed from German prisoners, many of whom offered to tell all if their American captors would only promise not to turn them over to the FFI. Part of it came from our discovery that the FFI, despite its ragged appearance, had an efficient organization; its leaders in large and small units could issue orders with the expectation of being obeyed.

But the chief reason for our revised estimate was the obvious delight with which the FFI tackled the job of knocking off Krauts. They were particularly adept and happy at night combat patrols through the enemy lines and right into the heart of the besieged city of Brest. I was impressed by one FFI man who took orders for military souvenirs in the afternoon and went out at night to capture his customers' desires for delivery the following morning. He refused money in exchange but would bring back anything from a paratrooper's helmet to a Lueger, for a modest number of Camels or a few bars of Palmolive. His method, he explained, was simple. He took his list of orders, stole through the lines into the city and waited in alleyway

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until a German wearing the prescribed equipment passed within arm's length.

The Dutch resistance groups, like the FFI, have no uniforms except armbands and steel helmets, but it is immediately clear that they take their soldiering very seriously. In our sector the only mission they had a chance to perform was defensive; we didn't see them fight. We did observe their careful insistence upon military courtesy and we watched them at close-order drill, which they seemed to do constantly.

One of their jobs was to guard the Dutch prisoners waiting trial on charges of collaborating with the Nazi intruders, a task which they performed with solemnity and considerable flourish. Such charges have apparently been brought against large numbers, if the crowd we observed out for exercise walks in one small town near the German border was an accurate indication. We heard that the Dutch interpretation of "collaboration" was exceedingly strict, that any operator of a black market, for example, whether or not the Nazis were his special customers, is held as a "collaborationist" because he failed to abide by the rules and therefore committed a crime against the people of Holland.

No Blood, Few Tears. – This war is doubtless more ably reported than any in history, and the mechanics of presenting the story of this theatre are, I know, especially good. We all read about ourselves and our cohorts with avid interest. The picture seems pretty accurate and we are repeatedly impressed by the omniscience of the editors in New York who know so much more about us than we know about ourselves.

There is, however, one enormous discrepancy between what we feel and what we read in Time, Life, The Saturday Evening Post, *et al.* The written and photographed war is colorful and dramatic, almost cheerful. The real war is profoundly sad. The ever present fact about combat is that our friends whom we love get killed and wounded every day and our equipment on which we have expended so much care is being shelled, burned and shot to bits. Some days are much worse, of course, than others. But every day that we are in the line this destruction goes on and it is very sad.

I haven't talked to anybody about this except in a few self-conscious, hurried remarks when a particularly good mutual friend has been killed or wounded; I'm fairly sure that if I turned to Sergeant Cotter, who is sitting beside me filling out the daily ammunition report, and asked him whether he thought the war was sad he would assume that I was working on some sort of obscure gag. Yet I know that Sergeant Cotter feels the sadness I am talking about, that to nearly all of us its uninterrupted presence is the chief factor in this experience. Of course, everybody's reaction, as the press so clearly reflects, is endless kicking, elaborate insult and raucous horseplay.

On Demobilization. – For several weeks the principal topic of conversation has been the War Department's plan for demobilization. So far I haven't found anybody who believes that there's a word of truth in it. I listened to White, the General's orderly, talking it over with Luck, who works in the kitchen.

"Stars and Stripes says they interviewed GI's on what they wanted," reported White.

"Yeah, I'll bet," said Luck. "Did they interview you?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of anybody they interviewed?"

"No."

"You see!"

"Yeah," said White, resignedly, and then more hopefully: "But it says you get points for combat. I ought to have some of those, because we've been in the line ever since D-day."

"You've gotta have medals," said Luck. "You got any medals?"

"Nope. But I've got 24 months overseas. You get points for every month overseas."

"Okay, but how old are you, twenty-one?"

"Yeah."

"There are plenty of old guys with families that have got two years overseas and more. You gotta be old. And then there is this joker about not being 'essential' to the army. You are probably 'essential'."

"I don't think so."

"Sure you are. The Old Man couldn't get along without you, could he?"

"Maybe not. But boy, I'd sure like to be walking out of Camp Meade right now! I'd call up Mom and tell her, 'Mom, start five chickens frying. Whitey is on the way home!'"

"Five chickens, is that all? I'd eat *ten* chickens and then go down to the beach and lie in the sun on the sand with my face down and a bottle of gin in my right hand and a bottle of rye in my left and drink until I knocked myself out and as soon as I woke up I'd take another drink and knock myself out again."

"But it probably won't ever happen, not to us."

"I guess not."

"We'll probably get shipped right out to China."

"Yeah, and I can't stand China. I can't stand those little Japs."

"Me neither. I'd rather do three more years in France or Germany than get shipped to the Pacific. Or ten more years in the States."

"We'll probably be assigned to take Tokyo."

"Probably."

"Well, it's nearly chow time. See you in Tokyo."

"Yeah, see you in Tokyo."

Somewhere in Germany CAPT. BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

This is the first of two articles. The second will appear in an early issue. – THE EDITORS

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Journey in America: V

This is the fourth of a series of articles showing what is being done—and left undone—in various regions of the United States to prepare for the problems of peace. Mr. Mezerik will next visit Sacramento and Portland.
– THE EDITORS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. – The biggest fact of life in southern California is climate. Throughout the year it is sold to the public of the country in large doses. Climate is a profitable business and it brings in dollars—lots of them. In 1937 the tourist hay crop, nurtured by the California sun, harvested $216 million. Oil, the state's largest single industry, did comparatively only little better, while the gilded motion-picture industry was far down the scale, with $165 million. Little wonder that climate is not only a business but a psychology. As a business it supports the All Year Club, an energetic organization with a large staff, entirely committed to selling fair weather.

People obviously like climate. Four millions are now in this county, and they continue to arrive in droves. Every transcontinental train plays to standing room only. Many come bringing money, but they are largely retired folk. They are here in such numbers that by now southern California is the lushest old folks' home in the country. The aging citizens bring with them their fears. They want to conserve their money and so they sit on it, and that freezes the capital which might otherwise expand business of every kind. A great many of the older folks have social theories; some are concerned with getting $30 a week or more out of other citizens of the state. Some bring with them religious ideas, which they try out, to the delight and interest of the evangelists, I Am cults, oriental fakirs and curious pot-pourris where deities get mixed up with diets. I tried to find out from the All Year Club whether anyone had ever speculated on the social cost of maintaining this Mecca for old folks in terms of retrogressive political ideas, deadening of the spirit of adventure and widespread fear of progress. They were aghast at the temerity of the question, but on masticating it for a considerable while, agreed I had something there—but, I gathered quickly, something better kept in the closet.

The problem won't stay in the closet very long if postwar conditions bring a severe depression to this area. The fear of a coming depression is great and is expressed in various forms by leaders in every field. The future is complicated not only by the present great population, for Los Angeles has had a faster growth than any other city in the country, but by the knowledge gleaned from surveys that many ex-soldiers will return here. In fact, so great are the anticipated dimensions of the migration that some say that before long Los Angeles will rival New York.

The city fathers of Los Angeles like the idea of surpassing New York in every way, but they are too close to the memory of their experiences with dust-bowl victims to relish the prospects immediately ahead. They are conscious of the Okies and the Arkies, and since they themselves estimate that California will have two members of the labor force available for every single foreseeable job immediately after the war, they are uneasy. In fact so dour are some of them that they could not joke at my visualization of Californians taking to the road in quest of jobs. It could be that they have visions of folk dubbing them "Callies," and greeting them in the style they themselves made famous in welcoming the Okies and Arkies.

I cannot go along with the pessimism of these prophets of despair. Not too long ago the majority of them were promoters, and now, reformed and wealthy, they grow very conservative. They stew about finding markets for their products, yet they are themselves a big market. Los Angeles port facilities do not compare with those of San Francisco, yet ships come here in preference to San Francisco because there is a bigger market for the cargo, and the 2,500 manufacturing plants make things others will buy. No city has a richer back country, for the valleys which are the marketing area of Los Angeles produce specialty crops of oranges, avocados and many another delight in demand everywhere throughout the year.

Sixteen billion dollars in contracts have come to California in 1943. Small plants have mushroomed up into big establishments, and the proximity of Hollywood has brought into being a style industry in textiles, furniture and cosmetics, which already is an important national factor. Industrial planning is, however, almost unknown here, and the manufacturers who own their own businesses experiment tentatively and chaotically with all manner of ideas for consumer goods. A walk through the busy manufacturing section indicates that the big Eastern plants are already strongly entrenched, and one leading manufacturer pointed out that there is a tendency for this movement to snowball. He told me that Californians who have built up sizable plants are offered huge prices by Easterners who buy in order to get rid of competition. As illustrations he named Consolidated and Douglas aircraft, and the wine companies, recently acquired by the big Eastern distilleries.

Perhaps it really is the climate which contributes to the number and scale of ideas which float around here.

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One leading manufacturer, who himself runs an open shop, orated at length on the fact that labor relations must be stabilized to the point where industry bargains collectively on an industrywide basis with the unions concerned, something the CIO unions devoutly hope will come to pass. This manufacturer pictured for me the use he would make of our surplus war-production machinery. This country, he believes, should contribute our productive equipment to a world stockpile of machinery so we may help to provide everybody with a rising standard of living. Manchester Boddy, editor of The Los Angeles News, articulately expresses the Western idea of destiny. Globally gaited, apparently influenced by geopolitics and Spengler, he dreams aloud. He accepts the fact that the East will attempt to reconvert after the German war, while the West remains exclusively in war production. He welcomes it, saying, "Let the East play its little trick and shove us the remaining war production. That will give us 18 months or longer of full employment. It will mean that even more factories will be built here, for the East is over-eager to get out of war production. While we send an inevitable and growing stream of weapons to China, we shall be getting China's specifications for her peace needs. Our reconversion will be toward selling China and India." Always he has in mind Asia, the greatest land and population mass in the world. He believes that the United States will finance the West's sales to China as insurance that Japan will remain defeated and so that we shall hold our influence in Asia. Throughout, Boddy emphasizes that our course will be dictated not by sentiment but by inevitability, and lyrically he reiterates that the course of civilization always moves westward.

I cannot put my finger on what is wrong with Boddy's pattern. I suspect I rather feel that his is a sort of humanitarian, but none the less the familiar, white man's imperialism. He insists logically that we need a beachhead in China, but his emphasis is on our postwar hold on Asia and he sees China as our last chance in a world of yellow men. Though he is exceptional in his capacity to state his thoughts, he is typical of the great body of less articulate people out here who feel that the West looks west.

San Francisco, Calif. – This is the city where Henry J. Kaiser is the topic of conversation. Here center the Six Companies of miracle contractors who left their work building dams to build 66 percent of the maritime fleet constructed since 1942. The argument about Kaiser's past, present and future consumes a good deal of time. The CIO says of him that his philosophy is one of individualistic imperialism, that his product is not up to his conversation. Worse yet, they say he has exploited the community and its facilities. They think that he, on government money, has taken the cream off the top, and that his postwar future is nil. They make one exception, and that is on the Kaiser Foundation Hospital. The AFL, on the other hand, says that Kaiser has been one of the state's best employers and that his labor relations are excellent. Both, however, agree on the value of the hospital. I went out to see it and talked to Dr. Sidney Garfield, whose creation it is.

Whatever the facts about Kaiser's labor relations, his medical plan has had a tremendous effect in California. Here prepayment for full medical care for whole families employed by the Kaiser companies is available. Physicians have an opportunity for group practice with adequate facilities. The hospital is a nonprofit organization and the doctors do not work on salary but have a budgeted income. The plan is entirely voluntary, yet 88 percent of Kaiser employees sign up and obtain a combination of industrial and general medical care. The hospital has proved a good investment for insurance companies, since it places a ceiling on their medical costs. At this stage, the hospital is a gift from Kaiser on high, but Dr. Garfield himself says that, in time to come, the workers and their unions should be represented in the policy-making trustee board, along with the representatives of management and the medical staff. Labor leaders feel that lack of labor participation is the weakness of the Kaiser medical program, for they feel that they have a logical right to participate in the solution of all problems directly affecting their well-being.

The San Francisco area is face to face now with two of those problems: one, future unemployment, and the other a rising racial tension with the Negroes for whom little provision has been made by anyone, even the AFL being frank to admit that it has bungled the job on its own and that the tension really exists. They accuse the CIO of concentrating on social and political equality instead of on the economic issue. But the CIO refutes this argument by saying that they have been the only group who have uncompromisingly made a real fight to ease racial tensions on every front. Generally this seems to be substantiated.

The huge shipyards which are clustered in the Bay area seem destined to shrink in their employment level from 300,000 to less than 50,000. No concerted plan has been devised for the absorption of these workers. San Francisco has set aside a fund to enable its various departments to give some employment through public works, and the state has an active commission trying to size up the problem; but the fundamentals which underlie the whole industrial picture are grappled with rarely. One of the fundamentals here is unique. California, under the impact of war, has given birth full-blown to grown-up industry. Before the war there were some branches of Eastern plants, a few sizable home-owned industries and a fair number of small operations. Today the Bay area has huge shops comparable to those which are characteristic of Detroit and Pitts-

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burgh, where they took 40 years instead of two to develop. The builders of ships see little use for their yards other than in building railway cars and structural-steel equipment—a prospect that is none too bright, with the Fontana steel mill quite a distance away and the great Geneva, Utah, mill in danger of being closed down. Most of the new war plants, including the shipyards, are owned by the government, and the capital to buy them is not here, which means they will shut down unless some alternatives emerge.

The alternatives are very live subjects of conversation and have to do with how the government will dispose of its surplus, of which the plants are a part. Out here they want government credit to purchase the plants, or the right to lease on easy terms. They want also elimination of freight-rate differentials to enable them to enter national competition, and they want access to patents which will make continued plant operation possible. They need liberal ship subsidies so that they may trade with Asia. Since all of this runs back into the federal government, some of the manufacturers join the labor leaders in saying that the post-war economy is as much a government problem as making the war has been. This is a brand-new approach for Western individualists, and the growth of this concept could do much for the country.

These people out here have been begging for industry for 20 years. When they didn't get it, necessity forced the development of roads, cuts and dams so as to make employment. When these developments were completed the frontier had become an accessible area. It was a big job, done so fast that even the people out here weren't aware of its full meaning. Then came the war, and oversized industry was brought into being over night, bringing with it a distorted population pattern. The descendants of the pioneers who run San Francisco haven't quite realized how far they have come. Yet everything points to the fact that they will catch on, for this is not only a beautiful and distinctive city but a cosmopolitan one. They know finance, for this is the financial center of the West. They know the rest of the world, for they have operated ships on all the seas, and the civilization evolved by this combination of finance and trade is literate. A. G. MEZERIK

Shake-Up in State

IT HAS BEEN so long since anything very new happened in Washington that the populace is still a bit shaken up from the events of last week. It was unprecedented for the President to propose a major reorganization of a major department of the government, especially the State Department. And it was also unprecedented in recent years for the Senate to refuse to confirm his nominations until it could publicly investigate the nominees. There is plenty of betting as to who will lose the most face finally, the President and the new Secretary of State, Edward Stettinius, as sponsors of the five proposed assistants, or the questioning Senators. If progressivism wins, the heaviest losers will be Harry Hopkins and the men who helped him negotiate the deal which led up to this "reorganization."

The major political fact coming out of this ruckus, for the guidance of liberals, is that Harry Hopkins is back on the job. The one-time liberal Mr. Hopkins has been under wraps for the past year, partly because of his health and partly because it was an election year. But friends say that his close relationship to the President never changed. A good indication is that Stettinius, generally labeled in Washington a "Hopkins man," won out for Secretary of State, and Hopkins, not Byrnes—usually assigned such jobs in months past—was told to work out a Department reorganization plan acceptable to the major parties concerned.

The slate of Joseph Grew for Undersecretary of State, and Will Clayton, Nelson Rockefeller, Archibald MacLeish, James C. Dunn and Brigadier General Julius C. Holmes for new Assistant Secretaries is the result. Jesse Jones, Stettinius, Oscar Cox, Sam Rosenman and even Mr. Justice Frankfurter, who sponsored MacLeish, had a hand in the brew. It represents the latest thing in big-time alliances. And having negotiated it, Harry Hopkins need no longer feel inferior to his horse-racing pals from Wall Street who would give much to be in on something so big.

Even before Stettinius had been confirmed, the conferees had worked out a reorganization plan, and Stettinius had presented it to the President. What the plan involved was coalition between the House of Morgan, represented by former U. S. Steel chairman Stettinius and its special friend Harry Hopkins, and the House of Jones (which has also effectively stood up for the Rockefeller interests in this war). Since the beginning of the defense program there has been at least token rivalry between these two major financial groups, the Morgan crowd usually taking a more "all-out"-war-production stand than the Jones-Rockefeller group.

When Stettinius and Hopkins began their reorganization plans for State, it was already clear to the Washington inner circle, including Jesse Jones, that Jones was slated to go. The President had handed him a careful coldness or two at cabinet meetings, indicating that Jesse's indiscretions in fomenting open revolt against Mr. Roosevelt in the Texas primaries this year was neither forgotten nor forgiven. So Jones was looking

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for a way to preserve his power over United States finances after he himself had stepped down. Since he did not know who might be chosen to succeed him in his Commerce job, the safe thing to do was to deal with someone in a position to safeguard his empire. The obliging Hopkins was ready to serve as broker for just such an arrangement. A transfer of Jones's foreign economic powers to the State Department along with the powers he had never been able to take away from the Foreign Economic Administration, and the transfer of his chief henchman, Will Clayton, to administer all foreign economic affairs, was the answer. As a safeguard for Hopkins, his own man, Oscar Cox, former general counsel to Lend-Lease and the FEA, was scheduled as legal assistant to Clayton.

To appease the "career" men, the old-fashioned foreign-service professional Joseph Grew, former Ambassador to Japan, was slated for Undersecretary.

Presumably to appease the "liberals," for whom Mr. Justice Frankfurter was speaking in the inner conferences, Archibald MacLeish, a fine poet and democrat but not a notable administrator, was slated for Assistant Secretary in Charge of Public Information. And to round out the ticket, Nelson Rockefeller was to be Assistant Secretary in Charge of Latin American Affairs.

In this collection, Hopkins evidently thought he had included a little something for all the boys. What he overlooked was that he had also included a little something that everybody disliked. Wall Street and the Republican hierarchy disliked MacLeish, and the Farm Bureau Federation and allied groups feared the kind of power Clayton might exercise. Progressives wanted no part of this offering, with or without MacLeish.

The Hopkins-Jones-Stettinius plan leaked out to a few insiders a full week before it was first rumored in the gossip columns. The same people who had stopped the appointment of Will Clayton to the post of Surplus War Property Disposal chairman rushed to the attack. They included the CIO, the Farmers' Union, a few AFL men and a handful of "Willkie" Republicans. But our opposition learns fast, and detecting the leak, the Hopkins group rushed the formal nominations of its slate to the President's out-of-town headquarters for immediate signature. The nominations went to the Senate, and the progressives rushed to assemble the necessary facts and figures to oppose them.

Certain basic objections to the men named were so long established that they could be raised immediately. Parts of the cases against them are still missing. But by the time the nomination reached the Senate, most New Deal Senators had been briefed as follows:

Rockefeller is a poor choice. Grew is a bad choice. And Clayton is about the worst possible choice for a foreign economic director. The combination of the three and the circumstances under which they were selected are intolerable from the liberal view. No one questions the administrative soundness of integrating all international functions in the State Department, but progressives have had to fight any such action in the past because of the kind of men who ran State, and for the same reason we must protest this plan too.

Nelson Rockefeller's record as Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs has been good enough to keep him out of the papers. His belief in the good-neighbor policy is generally considered to be sincere and enthusiastic. The ineptitude of his propaganda program has been compensated for by his zeal in supporting programs designed to improve the basic economy of various Latin American nations. But his essential weakness as an administrator is indicated by exceptionally bad judgment in the choice of people for his staff. The old-school-tie system of personnel has been the general rule around the Rockefeller Committee, and adept flatterers have found it easy to win and retain the favor of the chief. The resulting inefficiency will almost certainly move with Rockefeller to his new job in State. The Latin American field staffs, selected in large part through Rockefeller's chief assistant, Joe Rovensky, foreign man for the Chase National Bank and thus an old family affiliate, will most likely sift over into the new set-up too. Since they are mainly representatives or close friends of United States big business in Latin America, this offers no improvement over the present field staff.

On the good side, there is little doubt that Nelson Rockefeller will be able to do his present job better from within the State Department. There are indications that he has demanded a free hand, in which case it is pretty certain that he will insist on an improved system of reporting by our embassy staffs—which are such notoriously inadequate sources of information at the present time—and that Latin American affairs generally will be better off than now. The pity is that a really able man, with real understanding of inter-American questions, is not to have this chance.

The naming of Joseph Grew to the undersecretaryship has come in for the least criticism of all the new appointments. That is understandable. Grew looks the part. He has a respectably long list of diplomatic accomplishments after nearly forty years as a professional in the service. And regardless of who is aiming what criticisms at him, the final remark is invariably, "But the man has integrity." Yet Grew is not up to the gigantic job that has been handed him. To administer United States political policy toward the rest of the world in this supercritical period, a man of great imagination is called for. This is hardly the quality Mr. Grew brings to his job. His record as our ambassador to Japan for the past ten years does not create confidence in his foresight. During all that time he plodded away at trying to effect an understanding between the United States and Japan, so engrossed in his little efforts that he did not see the real state of affairs until far too late for his warnings to prepare us for

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what was to come. More important still, Mr. Grew does not seem to have learned from the past. His discussions of postwar Japan favor continuance of the institution of emperor worship, which progressive students of the Far East say is an integral part of the trouble with Japan today. In postwar Japan, Grew would uphold the imperial system and the present political set-up under it, together with the Shintoism which bulwarks them so strongly—evidence enough that he is not up to a huge new job in a new world.

Will Clayton is a big man who has been in so many big operations, Texas style, that it is an easy matter for liberals to point out dozens of things they don't like about him. Many of them do not necessarily indicate what kind of Assistant Secretary of State in charge of foreign economic affairs he would make. On domestic matters, Clayton has been a frank opponent of the New Deal in all its forms, a contributor to the notorious Liberty League in 1936 and at least an indirect fomenter of the Texas "revolt" against the President in this last campaign.

His stated views on international matters, presumably a prime interest since his cotton business is a world business, at first glance seem much more enlightened. He has always opposed a high-tariff policy, tending toward a free-trade position. Those who have examined the record of Clayton's business practices with care report that they would expect him to be out of sympathy with the flatly anti-cartel policy which the President has laid down for us to follow in postwar arrangements.

More to the point for the general public are a few very personal questions. Mr. Clayton is said to own in excess of $30 million in foreign investments, more than half his total investments. His cotton-brokerage firm of Anderson, Clayton and Company at the time of Pearl Harbor had 26 subsidiaries in six foreign countries and investments in 14 more. At the time when Clayton was being investigated for possible appointment to the Surplus War Property Board, he stated that he had not liquidated his personal business interests. The question is, could Clayton as Assistant Secretary of State in charge of foreign economic affairs separate his public duties in that role from his private interests? Should not the full record of Clayton's personal finances be made public before he takes an office of such great importance?

Official reports, hitherto confidential, and personal testimony indicate that Clayton, Anderson subsidiaries in Latin American countries continued to deal with Axis countries after Pearl Harbor, in opposition to State Department regulations against trading with blacklisted firms, long after our country was at war. Other reports list Clayton, Anderson as failing to observe price-control regulations in its sales. Has Will Clayton participated in undue wartime profits? Should not all facts having a bearing on this serious question be a matter of public record before he assumes a major office?

To liberals in the Senate, these various questions loomed large. Some who at first planned to go along with the President and vote to confirm, thought it over and changed their minds. To isolationists and die-hard reactionaries, the name of Archibald MacLeish, who fought so hard to get us to assume our responsibility in this war, was anathema.

The first four nominations came before the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs December 5. They were promptly and favorably reported to the floor. Only Senator Murray of Montana spoke out against Will Clayton. Four members of the committee protested against MacLeish. Rockefeller and Grew were not opposed. Tuesday night liberals in Washington worked late and Wednesday afternoon the stage was set. Senator Joseph Guffey, New Deal stalwart, fired the first shot against the slate. His supporters in Pennsylvania knew what he was talking about when he spoke against "millionaire rule." Senator Tom Connally, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, was aghast when he realized that some of his colleagues were daring to go against him. He lost his temper and his dignity, and when the call came for a showdown on recommitting the names to the committee for public hearings, he lost the votes as well, 37 to 27.

That line-up against the Grew-Clayton-Rockefeller-MacLeish slate was the strangest conglomeration since the poll-tax vote. New Dealers, isolationists, reactionary Democrats and Republicans stood shoulder to shoulder, each man for his own very different reason. Bilbo, Bankhead and company, from the cotton South, were voting against Will Clayton, the man who favors the development of low-labor-cost foreign cotton to compete with our own crop and who opposes the support-price system at home. The isolationists were against MacLeish specifically and whatever the President asked in general. A handful of liberals were fighting for the reasons set down at some length above.

As this is written, the Foreign Relations Committee has not yet resumed its consideration of the State Department appointments. Liberals are being turned somewhat from their indignation over Stettinius' proposed staff by the new Secretary's strong stand against British strong-arm tactics in Italy and Greece. Nevertheless, if public hearings on the new appointments are granted, no punches will be pulled in the fight to knock out Clayton and all that he stands for. And if that fails, searching eyes will be focused on the new diplomatic staff, and their every slip will be broadcast.

Harry Hopkins' first reappearance as a negotiator is a flop. The smooth deal which he negotiated, and which was carefully cleared with Tom Connally, ran into trouble because it was against the public interest and the public found out about it. We are catching on, and we can win yet.

HELEN FULLER

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Washington Notes

Congress Runs True to Form

THE BAD OLD Seventy-Eighth Congress is on its way out. It will be history, this week or next. The new Congress will be somewhat—not much—better. The election has chiefly purged isolationists but, unfortunately, the electorate could reach only a third of the Senate. Now comes the question of last-minute action on two major issues by the retiring legislature.

First is the prospective Roosevelt veto of the social-security-tax-"freeze" bill. The House passed the bill to hold the current one-percent rate, 262 to 72. The Senate passed it 47 to 19. If Mr. Roosevelt makes his expected forcible veto, asking that rates go to two percent, can Congress get the two-thirds vote to override? The answer is yes, in the House. The fight, almost certainly, will come in the Senate.

This is really an extraordinary issue. The world trend today is toward increased state-indorsed social security. Canada has just passed a radical family-allowance law. Britain is sweeping ahead on a wider front. But Congress now for the fourth time has voted to postpone scheduled tax implementation of the Wagner law. The thing that impresses me is the practically unanimous attack on the freeze by representatives of labor organizations: in other words the very groups that will pay the increased tax, demand it. Here is a situation where a country is in the midst of a great—a dangerous—boom. Anyone doing any Christmas shopping (let alone daily housewives' expenditure!) knows the present price-trend toward inflation. This, if ever, is the moment for heavier taxes on business profits. And employees, paradoxically, are demanding the right to pay more taxes on their own account. The premiums today are low because when the act passed, the country was emerging from a depression. It is true that more money is now being paid into the fund than is being paid out.

But present rates will not cover costs of future benefits, rights to which are now piling up. Why, then, are the conservatives, the "sound-money" people, fighting this businesslike tax extension? The reason, I think, is that many in their hearts fear or oppose the whole business of state-guaranteed security. Vandenberg, leading advocate for the present freeze, voted, back in 1935, to kill the whole plan. It is noticeable that the groups fighting the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill extending present social-security coverage have also appeared before Congress for the tax freeze. I listened to long hearings in the House Ways and Means Committee. It was perfectly obvious the conservative majority feared that the Administration would misappropriate—"steal"—the security funds: they dreaded any extension. Essentially it boils down to whether our system is to be genuine insurance or a "dole"; whether workers are to receive benefits as a matter of right or as charity. The instinct of the workers is amazingly right in this; it is the "sound," careful business men appearing before Congress who won't save for the inevitable rainy day.

Congress will be asked, too, to consider the St. Lawrence waterway amendment to the rivers-and-harbors bill. Chances are the Senate will reject this. But here again the issue won't down. Here is a 2,700-mile waterway right into the heart of America; one of the world's great natural resources. Big ships can now navigate all but the 48 miles in the New York-Ontario rapids section. Clearing out that section would develop, on the side, 2.2 million electric horsepower. A channel that made Duluth a seaport would have been an inestimable benefit in World War I, and again today. A majority in the Senate certainly favors it. What reasonable American can look at the map and oppose it? The seaway will certainly be built; then why not lay the plans now, advocates ask, to give work when the war ends? Well, the answer is that selfish interests, quite candidly, oppose it, because it will do them temporary damage, or compete with established facilities. No lobby has ever been franker. And since the matter has heretofore been presented in treaty form, for Senate ratification with Canada, the ancient, constitutional advantage given to the opposing one-third has blocked it for 30 years. However, the trend of the times is both in favor of developing natural resources and against the archaic two-thirds rule.

The Nazis held Europe's invasion harbors long enough to make it impossible for the Allies to feed reconquered countries adequately—and thereby indirectly created most of the State Department excitement seen here in the past week. When the Allies brought further hardships, not food, to liberated Europe, they set the scene for the present domestic civil-war stage, which, however, was probably inevitable in any case. Another basic fact Washington apparently accepts is that Germany has been partially successful in her delaying tactics. The war, in its present grim attrition form, is likely to continue all winter.

The drastic State Department shake-up came when it was seen that a major European political crisis was about to follow the battle crisis. I may be wrong, but my impression is that the Department, on balance, has been strengthened and revitalized by the Stettinius overhaul. The Senate's going-over of Will Clayton won't do any harm. The change in leadership was followed immediately by the sharp rap on Mr. Churchill's knuckles. This was undoubtedly done with Roosevelt's approval; in fact, I hear that he strengthened the wording.

Certainly there was no personal unfriendliness to Churchill involved. Three factors, I think, prompted the explosion at this time. Accumulated differences had reached the point where plain speaking, in public, was called for, with perhaps an implied appeal to British liberals over the government's head. Second, a belief that Soviet policy is still fluid and that a strong Anglo-American lead for self-determination will have important results on Russia. Third, a belief that Senate ratification of the eventual Dumbarton Oaks plan was being endangered by European developments.

The State Department has taken a strong stand on a moral issue. As always, the long-term weakness of our position is that there is no assurance that the present lofty moral tone toward Europe's internal affairs will be implemented when peace comes. That bridge must be crossed later.

Washington T. R. B.

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"I Remember Mama"

I Remember Mama, by John van Druten, adapted from Kathryn Forbes's Mama's Bank Account. The Music Box, October 20, 1944.

A combination of circumstances, of no interest here, prevented my seeing an earlier performance of Mr. van Druten's new play. Since the seats are sold out for many weeks to come, it is obvious that a review in a weekly journal can be of no practical use to the enterprise. There are a number of people involved in it, however, who would not see the matter quite from that angle. And the obligation remains with us to say something about such an occasion as "I Remember Mama."

Everyone has heard by now that this is not a play in the regular sense, a plot or story that marches step by step toward climax and conclusion. Mr. van Druten has left the material in what might be a set of one-act plays or sketches, or shall we say short stories, that enjoy the human projection that the stage affords—a theatre form, not very formal of course, that has been employed plenty of times before this, as for instance, to get into the brilliantly international, in Schnitzler's "Anatol"—compared to which, "I Remember Mama" has less precision, insinuation and iridescent sexuality but is no less secure and memorable. I consider Mr. van Druten's play a lesson and a monument to this season and to our theatre.

If we are not to have in our drama anything of Ibsen's stature written, or of Rostand's lyricism, or Strindberg's fierce subtlety and overheated brains, plus a kind of black inner radiance, fetid and compelling, then we might at least hope for some of our American flavor, not too Times Square box-office, not over-lush or wishy-washy, but sound and kind and full of character and good intention. America has its kind impulses, politically in a small way and in a larger way locally. It possesses, sometimes gloriously, the faculty of ignoring press and radio and of merely going about the business of its stomach and heart. Perhaps a certain British culture and tradition of feeling and behavior are superior to ours, or at least to ours as found on Broadway. Perhaps this superiority is enhanced by a certain American citizenship for the playwright and domestication among us. At any rate, Mr. John van Druten has concocted a piece of theatre that none of our local stage authors could ever have achieved. What he has achieved in proper, simple feeling, in a willingness to let the hour and the day, the place and the people, the heart and the family moment, plus a sort of humanity of faith and goodness, take its course, is quite beyond any of our strictly native Broadway manifestations. If you watch "I Remember Mama" closely you will observe a search after the right scale and quietness, the complex light and dark, the gentle, covered audacity, the elusive intensity; and these are the dramatic passion of its author. (The death of Uncle Chris, for example, could not have happened without the background and support of Falstaff's death, of Gothic literary art, of the great course of the grotesque tradition in our literature. For all its seeming air of off-hand realism, it is the work of a poetic, often beautiful and very sophisticated mind.)

The other thing to say about this event of "I Remember Mama" is that it presents a case of the full theatre art, in the strict sense that this art is composed of its divers mediums and, lacking any one of them, could not fully come into existence. Printed page for page, this play would be almost unrecognizable in many scenes, which, however much we are in the habit of expecting drama to be literature, is not necessarily anything against it. "I Remember Mama" is a theatre work made up *in toto* of words, directing, acting and décor; to an unusual degree all these mediums contribute to the sum of it.

Mr. van Druten has created much of the play in terms of directing, using the actors, the acting and the scene as his material. This is directing that is highly expert for all its gentle surface of homely incident and of what we might call a leisure of certainty. He triumphantly avoids the sickening air of coyness that most British companies would get into a play like this. The performances of the company, closely related, of course, to the casting and the directing, add up to an excellent sum. Miss Joan Tetzel as Katrin, on whom is strung the story of the young writer and her memories of her Norwegian family in America, has a double role of narrator and character, in and out of the scenes and does a very good job indeed. Miss Mady Christians, no longer Hamlet's royal mother but the anchor and rock of a teeming family, plays with a lovely rightness and understanding, and a clean and sure-fire technique. At the same time, under the goodness, quick wits and warmth of the character, she conveys a sort of secret chic in the actress. Miss Adrienne Gessner, once of the Vienna theatre, has here in the role of Aunt Trina, a chance to play with adorable charm and point.

Mr. Oscar Homolka as Uncle Chris, the eccentric head of the family, drinking himself to death, living with "his woman" and secretly spending all his money to help crippled children to be made well, has what might be easily taken as a fat part in which a lot of actors could make a success. This is true, but it is also true that Mr. Homolka begins where these actors might leave off. It is the indescribable, unpredictable, excessive and profound things in his portrayal that make it so remarkable. His scene with the little lame boy in the hospital is perfect. His death scene has an astonishing invention and shrewd audacity, plus great fullness in the emotions conveyed. These three foreign actors provide a lesson for our own actors, whose fatal tendency toward all lack of movement, intensity of projection and frank conveyance of style is on the increase.

Mr. George Jenkins has done an admirable setting for the story, inside and outside houses, elevations, realistic properties and a general plan that is very fluent in its astute adaptability. Miss Lucinda Ballard has had to design innumerable costumes for "I Remember Mama," what with so many years passing and so many characters involved. Her designs for this play are by all odds the best I have encountered this season, or last season for that matter. She knows the difference between theatre costumes and clothes. As clothes her work is capital, as theatre costumes it is top-grade. Costumes for the theatre are clothes that have been recreated in the light of the dramatic moment in which they are a part. They are the same clothes and yet by a certain nameless difference they have been born anew. In them there has occurred—to be highty-tighty and cite Plato's definition of art—a process by which something is where something was not before.

STARK YOUNG

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Flesh and Enamel

"MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS" seemed to me a good movie as well as a cloying, callow one. At the same time that I felt a great deal of intelligence, loving care and enormous talent (especially that of Margaret O'Brien) going into the film I was exasperated by the way it restricted so much of itself to the moral level of a high-school play, sweetened and pampered with the modern Hollywood-Broadway formula for making a popular success.

It tells about the year 1903 in the life of a large St. Louis family named Smith. They had a lovely time that year—two parties, a picnic, Hallowe'en and Christmas; the older sisters and a brother were nicely engaged and the father was promoted in his firm; and there was the Louisiana Purchase Exposition which seemed to symbolize for them how perfect life could be and was. It is all genuinely sweet and happy, or colored that way, but the producers hint at far less lovely aspects of life. They point out a spinsterism and coldness in the eldest daughter, a love for power in the middle one, a lot of things in the smallest one—including egotism—and a faded depression in the mother. They don't look very long at these facts, preferring more pleasant things like Hallowe'en, frankly tissue-paper love affairs for the kids, and a good deal of boneless comedy—all of which is talented and quite amusing. I think this should be mentioned, since "Meet Me in St. Louis" is a lot more than Andy Hardy or the average film or stage musical and obviously knew enough to be stronger than it is.

There is a great deal of wonderful perception and feeling in it and the best is in a Hallowe'en hell-raising by the neighborhood kids that is seen through a small girl's eyes and feelings as she carried out her threat to throw flour in the face of the most feared resident of the district—a nice-seeming, blocky German professional type, who is just about the person she would imagine to be the chief poisoner, drunkard and wife-beater in the city. The whole episode is beautifully funny, but is best I think as the child starts away from the gang's bonfire, looking like a vaudeville comic in her brother's pants, and walks, as though toward death, down a street that has a kind of fairy-book lighting, wind and blowing autumn leaves, and ends with a terrified, crying run up to the man's porch. Some other accurately recorded images are the account of the hysteria that hits a family when one of the children is injured (especially how glorious it is for the injured child), a moment when the middle daughter hears that her sweetheart has hit her little sister in the face and rushes at him with a terrifying, sexually driven desire to beat him to death, a similar moment when the little sister rushes at her snowmen and starts clubbing them to bits because she can't take them with her to New York. Many of these scenes are as good as fiction films.

The filming of Sally Benson's New Yorker stories will undoubtedly make MGM an enormous amount of money on account of these things, but also because the movie cannily follows the theory that any fact that is plain, inharmonious or less than sweet is neither appealing nor entertaining. Every second of the picture is carefully crammed with cuteness and selling points. It gives you the unpleasant feeling that the family is too talented and practises a tinny kind of humor too much, but there is a more terrifying feeling that the producers figured you out down to your smallest like and dislike and are going to show you your intelligence rating on every foot of their film. The movie also believes that the prettiest state of the detail is the most entertaining, and this leads to décor, hairdos and dresses that are merely candyish, or to photography, like that of Miss Garland, which would be turned down as insipid by film magazines that deal in idealized portraits of stars. The worst thing this attitude does, though, is to doll up the two best scenes by making the Hallowe'en masks and the bonfire too fashionable, and over-sculpting the snowmen mauled by Margaret O'Brien. The movie makes its life too much like the working of a machine. This leads to such over-refined material as Judy Garland's performance, which is choked with effects, schooled into an enameled surface, and left that way; dance routines that are supposed to seem at least half-spontaneous never do; scenes, such as that of the family eating, which are supposed to appear completely impulsive, proceed like circus acts.

I think these latter attitudes override the goodness of the movie, but they don't keep the goodnesses from being startlingly good; and Margaret O'Brien is much too good to miss.

The gypsy woman who appeared in my last week's review was supposed to be a tipsy woman. MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

Bainbridge Island residents opposed to the return of Japanese to their community will meet at the Bainbridge Grange Hall tomorrow night at 8 o'clock to form a permanent organization under the name of Live-and-Let-Live Legion. – *From The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

You have another reason to be thankful too . . . Your daughter leads a healthy, normal life. And like most American Teen-age Girls, she's more concerned with her school-work, and the new Sinatra records than she is with International Affairs. – *A Hecht Department Store advertisement in The Washington Post.*

Lebensraum

WANTED. – Large, well furnished room by a Gary young man about 14 feet square. – *Classified advertisement in The Gary (South Dakota) Interstate.*

That All-Out Effort

Bells from the continent that covers one-third of the earth's surface. Camel-bells from Arabia, elephant-bells from Burma, dancing-bells from Borneo and Java, Buddha temple-bells from China, bells for pigeons' feet from Ceylon, bazaar-bells from India, bracelet-bells from Iran, cattle-bells from Mongolia, dancing-bells from Philippines, troika-bells from Russia, anklet-bells from Sumatra, etc. Come and see these bells and hear their beautiful tones.

A three-minute review of the Dumbarton Oaks Plan will precede the above. – *Postcard notice of a meeting of the World Citizenship Movement, in Denver.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

"The Frightened Philistines"

SIR: Thank you for your hospitable invitation to reply to Jim Farrell's comments on what you call my "literary position" [The New Republic, December 4]. I confess I should hardly have recognized the old place in Jim's description of it. It is gratifying to know that he remembers "The Irresponsibles" after four years. It would be even more gratifying if he remembered what "The Irresponsibles" was about.

But what troubles me is not Jim's memory but his sense of humor. The picture of one of the most successful of successful novelists challenging critics and poets to come out and admit that they owe their souls to the existing order is a wonderful thing. But so, for that matter, is Jim's whole imaginary war with its dream picture of the country's best novelists lining up under his command for an all-out attack on—well, on what? On the people Jim doesn't like? But what if the people Jim doesn't like and the people he has lined up on his team feel differently about each other? For some of them certainly do.

Much as I admire Jim, and much as I respect his sincerity, I can't help wondering whether his whole piece isn't a mirror image of something he hasn't said. I've heard of a man collecting a crowd by beating a dead donkey, but never before of a man collecting a crowd by beating a dead donkey which wasn't there.

Washington, D. C. ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

SIR: A quotation from Pascal with which Frederic Prokosch opens his novel "The Conspirators" might, in a different context and with one alteration, be an appropriate footnote to Mr. Farrell's brilliant dissection of "The Frightened Philistines":

"Man is neither angel nor brute and his misery is that he who would act the angel acts the brute."

For "his misery" read "our misery."

Millbrook School, Millbrook, N. Y. JOHN MC GIFFERT

SIR: Mr. Farrell's eloquent polemic on the vagueness of those critics airily demanding a more "positive" attitude in writing is something that has been badly needed. But merely indicating their vaguenesses and vagaries does not at the same time answer the serious charges of materialism, despair and preoccupation with a kind of sexual anarchy leveled against the writers Mr. Farrell defends.

Dos Passos' cynicism, Hemingway's preoccupation with bed and bottle, Steinbeck's despair (however angry) and Mr. Farrell's own excessively detailed pictures of the decadence he condemns bespeak a very real, if also largely unconscious, belief that man does live by bread alone. Only in Faulkner (in "Light in August" particularly) does one experience the strong feeling that here is a distinguished writer, certainly our best, who is truly and deeply preoccupied with what can only be called—forgive the cliché!—moral values.

It is not enough for Mr. Farrell to argue that the conscious intention of himself and the writers he defends is a moral one. Knowing better than many of its communicants the church he has rejected, Mr. Farrell must inevitably know something of the nature of the thing called by that particular church "original sin." Knowing this, he must certainly know that a good intention is not enough, that good intentions are almost always perverted in some fashion, subtle or otherwise, and that the only way to keep pure an intention and the work deriving from it, is by the age-old discipline involving prayer, fasting and humility among other things.

It is good to have Mr. Farrell exhorting the Messrs. Brooks, MacLeish, etc., to get down on their knees and pray, and it is good to have The New Republic printing such an exhortation. Perhaps it would not be amiss to urge the writers Mr. Farrell defends to also get down on their knees and pray (for humility, let us say) as Mr. Farrell himself did in his youth and as Mr. Hemingway did until at least 1937.

Orleans, Mass. HARRY SYLVESTER

SIR: To the Epistle according to St. James in the December 4 New Republic, only one word can be added: "Amen."

New York City JEROME MELLQUIST

Mr. Sedgwick and Greece

SIR: In your issue of November 6 you refer to "the biased and ill informed news dispatches by many foreign correspondents, notably A. C. Sedgwick, . . . who seem unable to judge facts fairly because of their eager desire for the return of the King, and British control of the country."

Where you acquired information leading to so completely erroneous a conclusion I can only guess; I have followed Sedgwick's dispatches in The New York Times for years, and I can think of no one of the friends of Greece (among whom I count myself) who desires less the return of King George. Years ago, in arguing the Greek situation after World War I, he was an ardent partisan of Venizelos, while I upheld the policy of King Constantine (who was a very different person from his son George). There was plenty of ground for difference, and Sedgwick pleaded the anti-royalist cause very well.

I do not believe there is a man alive who could write newspaper analyses of the Greek political situation without giving offense to someone; but Sedgwick has a fairly earned reputation for honest, objective reporting, and obviously does his best to report the truth as he sees it. He is the only American correspondent on the spot who speaks Greek and understands it thoroughly from long residence in Athens, and who can really find out what people think—though it is only fair to say that different Greeks think very different things. It is clear from his dispatches to The Times (and I also know it from personal observation) that Sedgwick is a liberal, democratically minded man, who hated all aspects of the Metaxas dictatorship, and who made it quite clear that he is no admirer of the King—he quite obviously believes the Greek people should decide their own fate without interference from any sort of dictatorship. In judging his reporting we should not forget that he is there and we are not.

Boston, Mass. GORDON ALLEN

[While it is true that Mr. Sedgwick, in contrast to other reporters, has not explicitly stated a personal desire for the return of King George, his dispatches show complete lack of sympathy for those groups in Greece—they are, according to our information, the overwhelming majority of the people—which oppose the King's return. He has consistently minimized the role of the EAM in the liberation of Greece, played up the bogey of "extremism" and communism, exaggerated internal disunity, apologized for the need of Allied intervention to prevent "civil war" and used similar semantic techniques to give

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an altogether twisted picture of the political situation in liberated Greece. All this can only have the effect of strengthening the forces of reaction which, relying on British support, want to bring back the discredited King.

This is not contradicted, but rather borne out, by the unfortunate turn of events in the early days of December. Had it not been for the British intervention in Greece's internal affairs, it is unlikely that the Papandreou government would have dared to use force against the EAM after its representatives had resigned from the cabinet. On the contrary, their resignation would have deprived the Papandreou government of its mass base and led to its peaceful fall. It was the promise of British assistance which finally created a condition which borders on civil war. Without British intervention—intended, of course, to force the King on the Greek people—the country's inevitable social transformation could have continued along the lines which were apparent before December. — THE EDITORS]

For a National Progressive Federation

SIR: Your editorial, "Progressives Must Organize" [The New Republic, November 27], strikes me as a lucid note on a highly important topic. The election proved that fusion of liberal forces could accomplish great results. I am delighted that the CIO has given a mandate for the continuation of the CIO-PAC.

It is my belief that both the CIO-PAC and the NCPAC performed in a highly effective manner, but effectiveness for an ultimate goal is even more important than effectiveness in a campaign. I think that the returning soldiers and sailors are very likely to constitute a potent force in political affairs. I hope so. Youth is awake and that's our great hope. I think that your idea of a National Progressive Federation, to include the CIO-PAC, independent liberals, progressive farmers and farm organizations, college students and war veterans, will be supplemented by business men of clear vision. A mighty force would be organized to work for progressive legislation.

Now, right now, is the one time in the foreseeable future, when these groups are ripe for merger. If they cement their efforts in behalf of their interests and faith and hopes—then there's envisionment of a new world a-coming. This in contrast to the disastrous results that might follow failure to consolidate.

New York City EUGENE MESSNER

SIR: I heartily agree with your article, "Progressives Must Organize," and I may be interested in becoming a member of any such organization as the National Progressive Federation, which you propose.

We must do everything possible to plan for 1948.

Lancaster, Pa. R. S. WAGNER

The CED and Postwar Unemployment

SIR: Mr. Paul Sifton, in the October 23 issue of The New Republic, asks why the Committee for Economic Development now speaks of 15 million unemployed after the war on the basis of 1940 production levels, whereas in Morris Livingston's "Markets After the War," a source book for the CED's analysis, the author states the figure at "over 19 million." He seems to imply that the CED is thus cheerfully consigning more than 4 million to chronic unemployment. The apparent discrepancy is to be explained as follows:

The original Livingston estimate of "more than 19 million" was, as Livingston himself stated in an article in the April, 1943, Survey of Current Business, a "crude oversimplification which serves merely to emphasize the needed increased output to match the increasing capacity to produce." In fact, as Livingston has pointed out, if we were at the 1940 level of production in 1946 or 1947, hours would tend to shorten below the 1940 figure, and many people would go back into farming and into self-employment, thus removing themselves technically from the count of unemployed workers. Estimating on this basis, Livingston has arrived at a figure of 14 to 15 million who would be unemployed after the war if national production were to drop to the 1940 level. This is the figure the CED customarily uses.

The CED's use of this lower figure, instead of the higher one, is motivated solely by a desire to be realistic. If individual CED speakers sometimes use a range figure such as between 12 and 15 million, it is from a desire to avoid any possible overstatement of a situation which would be terrible enough at best. It would seem obvious that the CED, which urges 30 to 45 percent more production after the war than before, would not at the same time willingly contemplate a state of unemployment which would make it impossible to sell that product.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL,
Information Division, the Committee for Economic Development

New York City

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Corporal H. M. writes from a foxhole somewhere in France objecting to our editorial paragraph on an article on the Army Specialized Training Program by Professor Andrew J. Green [The New Republic, September 25]. Our correspondent denies that the army wasted "valuable military material" by dumping ASTP-trained men into the ranks for combat service overseas. Corporal M., himself an ASTP trainee, says the majority of the men under the training program were not, contrary to The New Republic and Professor Green, possessed of "markedly superior qualifications of personality and intelligence." And, he adds, if intelligence is measured by ability to learn, combat service in the infantry, for instance, requires a lot of intelligence. Further, he says, "it takes guts to carry that [machine-gun] tripod muddy miles." Corporal M. thinks ours is a petty criticism of the army, which is using its manpower where it needs it most.

In The New Republic of October 23 appeared an article by Dr. J. Donald Kingsley entitled "Veterans, Unions and Jobs." In the course of this article, Dr. Kingsley quoted the following statement from The Daily Labor Report, published by the Bureau of National Affairs:

> Some think, and a few apparently hope, that enforcement of reëmployment provisions of the draft law will produce a knock-down and drag-out fight between management and labor in which management, aided by Selective Service and the law, will come out on the long end.

Mr. Dean Dinwoodey of the Bureau of National Affairs writes to say that he feels that it was unfair to quote this sentence without quoting the remainder of the paragraph, which is as follows:

> No question touching this subject was advanced by Daily Labor Report, since it doesn't appear to be a matter of policy under the statute; and no reply suggested more than a passing indication that difficulties with organized labor might be expected in working out reëmployment policy.

Mr. Dinwoodey feels that publishing only part of the quotation "attributed to us a position which we did not take" and that "our conclusion was just the opposite to that which you attribute to us." We cannot for the life of us see that any position was attributed to the Bureau of National Affairs by Dr. Kingsley when he quoted, quite correctly, the sentence that he did; but anyhow, we are glad to give the rest of the paragraph as Mr. Dinwoodey desires.

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Books in Review

The Inmost Leaf

THE FIRST of these books,[1] the work of a Harvard scholar who died shortly after it was completed, is an extremely alert, sensitive and genially noncommittal commentary on Melville's ideas; but Melville himself is not in it. It is hard for me to understand how anyone can study Melville with any seriousness and not be curious about the inner motivations of a man who so persistently fed the torment of his own human separateness into the harshly lyrical vision of man forever lost in the waters of understanding. Had Dr. Sedgwick been less concerned with the deeper problems in our Protestant literary traditions, less full of love for Melville himself, his book would have been as bleak as those biographies by some of our eternal intellectual bourgeoisie, written to satisfy some ancestral piety or craving for liberal self-assertion, which merely footnote the rages of Whitman, Poe and Mark Twain. But sensitiveness and delicacy in the handling of ideas are as marked in this book as the author's own neutrality of conviction. The result is a superior academic book, fertile in its discussion of many problems in Melville's thought, but one lacking in essential personal reference, esthetic interest or those comparative judgments with other writers which Melville, by his peculiarly neo-Faustian leaps, demands more than most American writers.

Of course such a work is valuable. But can't we ever study ideas as ideas without reflection on their origins? What can it mean with a writer whose method is so compulsively to convert into a global drama those ambiguities which he was too clearly composed of to resolve in himself —or to study in a closer foreground of human relations? Our early Freudian critics, by their amateur soul-plotting, cast such disrepute upon psychological analysis, and deserve it so well for their esthetic blindness, that it is forgotten, especially in the current vogue of neo-classic "objectivity," that the origin of a work of art can never prejudice us against its intrinsic value, but will instead help us to trace, by means of a personal design, the general fertilization of human traits.

Dr. Sedgwick's method was academic: he studied the movement of certain general ideas in Melville's books. Parrington, for all his personal iconoclasm, did the same thing, and it was just his habit of gross adaptation that keeps his book from being a searching record of American persons. But Dr. Sedgwick lacked even Parrington's feeling for social dynamics. One of the incidental faults of his method is that he ignores, except for a brief reflection on the cardinal loneliness of certain American minds, the whole problem of Melville as *déclassé;* and that is not the same thing. To study general ideas in a particular mind always smacks of the marginal qualities of specialism. To study so extreme a sensibility under the rubric of general ideas in the Anglo-American literary tradition is to lead off with a chain, for Melville's indebtedness to Shakespeare does not mean that they had the same problem. Melville, I suspect, learned from Shakespeare the way young Communist poets used to learn from Eliot; that is, he learned a tone. No doubt the parallels between them in his own mind were close enough to satisfy Melville's yearning for the grand style. But the purely inserted qualities of the soliloquies in "Moby Dick," so heavily stylized and inerly shrill, tell as much as the sudden falseness of Father Mapple saying "multitudinously murmuring." If there is real indebtedness from one writer to another, it must at least be studied from the point of view of that disharmony in the individual and his tradition which seeks a forced harmony of style. The parallel becomes mischievous when we seek, on the basis of the famous submission in "Billy Budd," to equate Melville's weary acknowledgement that the soul has to sit down *somewhere* in the universe, with the fluted hymns to legitimacy in "The Tempest."

But Shakespeare is the pole-star of those who like to make everyone else come out right in the end. Our Anglo-American literary tradition will not admit a human sorrow cut off, like the action in "The Confidence Man," merely by putting out the light. Prospero always has to go home again, Melville found a kind of peace, and it is always easier to talk of the "Calvinist's importunity to confront the truth" than to ask the first questions about private discord. It is hard to forget, as one watches Dr. Sedgwick dealing and reclaiming so gracefully the cards of Melville's Protestantism and Shakespearism, the writer's own cry to Hawthorne—the only man he ever cried out to: "I feel that I am now come to the inmost leaf of the bulb, and that shortly the flower must fall to the mold." There, in that inmost leaf, Melville was a man before he was a writer, and a man whose conviction of the inexpressible barrenness of life was such that he could relieve his alienation only by passing it off to the universe: "the invisible spheres were formed in fright." Fright, inner mold, the "insanity that is heaven's sense" and the young sons of bankrupt fathers who are always jumping ship into the unknown; the mother with the dead baby in the cellars of the Liverpool docks, the branding white-jacket, the whale with the open harpoon which ran through the grand armada cutting her own, as Melville saw us in our human characters slashing each other: what a tableau for those who seek sermons in running wounds! When the spheres are formed in fright and the soul of man is merely "vacant," when the images for nothingness are capacious and exhilarated but human love is incest, inflexible justice (Captain DeVere) and the dismayed hate between homosexual sailors, then it is not the universe that is frightened, but the man who sees it so. To resolve the problem is perhaps impossible; to guess at it is often meaningless; not to state it is incredible. And crippling, in the actual order of literary analysis, for without an awareness of Melville's obsession with separateness, the incidence and range of its images, we are cut off from what is deepest, not merely effective or pictorial, in Melville's work. The "tragic neces-

[1] Herman Melville: The Tragedy of Mind, by William Ellery Sedgwick. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 255 pages. $2.75.

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sity that the mind is under to reach for the infinite," Dr. Sedgwick's theme, is not general, and it was tragic in Melville's heroes, as it arose in him, for finite reasons. What were they, at least in the genus? Could some of them have arisen from the nature of American society, the real loneliness of man in a new naturalistic epoch, and Melville's own deprivation of God the Father, God the Mother, and His own resolver? These are not questions we ask of Shakespeare, and Dr. Sedgwick did not ask them about the man who was as scarred as Ahab, as driven as Ahab, and whose tragedy was unloosed in the mind, but did not originate in a general conception of mind.

I have never read enough of Melville's poetry to judge the wisdom of Professor Matthiessen's selections[1]; but I should guess that his was a dry job. Melville's poems seem too often constrictions of his prose habits; their meditative serenity is all outside. He was as archaic and "literary" in his prose style as he was in his poems, but where the threshed wealth of associations in his novels, the wide sweep of his grotesquerie, brought everything into the arms of the prose sea, his poetic diction hangs like waxed fruit. His mind needed a free field because it thrived on its own uncertainties; with that gentleman's culture which always built up his outer defense through irony, it also led him to the winning, the explorative rewards of his own flights. Given the standard of poetic culture around him, and his own need to lock the frames of his hard-won peace together in late middle age, he never bothered to make poems evolve; they were his conclusions. Separate lines here bring separate disclosures; inevitably, given Melville's impatience, they seek separate effects. And the forced quality in them is intensified by purely verbal restrictions he imposed on himself. "Seals, dozing sleek on sliddery ledges/ Slept never, when by loftier edges." How grim a personal satisfaction he must have had at the end in being terse, final and private! These poems were the product of a man arguing with himself, convincing himself by laborious bareness that he was in port at last. But the great answers a man sets down in his journal are tied to the problems of which he is the only text. Melville is wonderful because of the questions he asked; the answers he found at the end are entirely his own, and there are richer ones.

ALFRED KAZIN

Flowers of Good

Baudelaire: A Criticism, by Joseph D. Bennett. Princeton: The Princeton University Press. 165 pages. $2.

CRITICAL STUDIES of Baudelaire are rare in English, and adequate translations are nonexistent. Joseph Bennett's book is doubly welcome because it revolves around some twenty poems, quoted freely in French and more or less literally translated. With his selection there can be no quarrel, though there may be regrets over what this concentrated arrangement has forced him to exclude. Yet the concentration justifies the exclusions, and his insights and comments are held together by a suggestive line of argument. Except for a few mannerisms, and an impertinent habit of calling his subject "Charles," Mr. Bennett's style is lively and engaging. His assumptions and methods seem to align him with that school of poetic interpretation which John Crowe Ransom, in the optative mood, has called "the new criticism"—a criticism which concentrates upon texts, but which, in contradistinction to older and more scholarly techniques of explication, tends to overlook the historical background of a text and hence to miss the point of an occasional reference. Thus in the very first poem of "Les Fleurs du Mal," Mr. Bennett blurs the image of "Satan Trismégiste," presumably because he is not concerned—though Baudelaire was—with alchemy. When we come to the central conception of "Spleen," which could be vastly enriched by a strict semantic analysis, Mr. Bennett offers an impressionistic explanation of his own. A crucial line, "*Le beau valet de coeur et la dame de pique,*" which concretely refers to the knave of hearts and the queen of spades, is rendered meaningless by "The dandy valet of the heart and the lady of pique," and vaporized into a "state of mind." And a key word, "*Pluviôse,*" though permissibly rendered by "Rainy February," is significantly bereft of its revolutionary connotations. This accords with another trend of recent criticism, embarrassed at confronting the great non-conformists that shaped modern literature, and determined either to repudiate or to tame them.

As a candidate for respectability Baudelaire is a push-over: his pietistic apologists have only to embrace the reactionary horn of his dilemma, to bring out the minor premise of his paradoxes, and to gloss over his hard-won negations and nonconformities. But the infernal vistas that are raised by "Les Femmes Damnées," and that seem so far-fetched to Mr. Bennett, will seem familiar enough to anyone who has taken Balzac as his guide through Paris. For Mr. Bennett the frenetic rhythms of "Le Balcon" are leisured and stately, while the restless urge toward *volupté* is a serene and harmonious ideal. Comtism, Marxism, Fourierism, Darwinism, and—the irrelevance is significant—Freudianism are indiscriminately dismissed, while Platonism presides over a "spiritual" interpretation which stresses the disembodied and the timeless. The carnal and the timely—why "Les Fleurs du Mal" was suppressed and how Baudelaire collaborated with Proudhon in publishing a Socialist newspaper—are forgotten. Baudelaire's dandyism, Mr. Bennett forgets, was less a supercilious contempt for democracy than a desperate assertion of "*l'héroïsme de la vie moderne.*" When T. S. Eliot pointed out that Baudelairean blasphemy presupposed a kind of orthodoxy, it was still important to disentangle him from the romantics, and to show that his shudder was not merely stage fright. Black was not yet accepted as white; nor had his cult of the devil made Baudelaire, in Mr. Bennett's phrase, a Knight of the Grail. Critics have since inclined to make evil the *summum bonum;* not merely to absolve sinners, but to confer sainthood on writers who produce the most lurid confessions. Rimbaud is already embalmed in the odor of sanctimony, and Péguy is becoming the Jeanne d'Arc *de nos jours.* The effect of this commentary is to fit Baudelaire into the new hagiography, to fill in his abysses, to point the moral and absorb the shock. And when the author concludes by recommending his subject's soul to the special consideration of the deity, he attains a sphere of pharisaical beatitude which transcends criticism altogether.

HARRY LEVIN

[1] Herman Melville: Selected Poems, edited by F. O. Matthiessen. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 30 pages. $1.

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Nature's Building Block

Electronics: Today and Tomorrow, by John Mills. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company. 178 pages. $2.25.

IN 1897, the English scientist Sir Joseph John Thomson discovered the electron, a negative particle of electricity which turned out to be one of the building blocks of all matter. This was the beginning of one of the most exciting chapters in the whole history of science, for it marked an intensification of research which culminated in our present-day conception of the structure of the atom. A good part of the theoretical work in this field was done in our own university and privately endowed laboratories as well as in our great industrial workshops, where research in pure science has come to be regarded as no less essential than insurance. This sustained and successful preoccupation of our scientists with the problem of the nature of the atom is shown by the large number of them who have received the Nobel award for outstanding work in this field. Millikan, Compton, Langmuir, Urey, Anderson, Davisson and Rabi (who received the 1944 award the other day) all contributed to our knowledge of the architecture of the atom.

As our huge industrial organizations foresaw, this strictly theoretical work was accompanied by a mass of practical applications. Inventions of tremendous importance stemmed from these abstract investigations. These inventions make up the bulk of what might be called the applied science of electronics. The list is impressive. A decade after the discovery of the electron, the radio tube, or *triode*, which has been called "the basic invention of electronics," was brought to final development by the American scientist, Lee de Forest. About a quarter of a century later, the most ingenious device for attacking the center of the atom was constructed by Ernest Orlando Lawrence of the University of California. His cyclotron gave science its most powerful weapon for investigating the atom's nucleus, and incidentally for producing new subatomic particles which are now being used in the treatment of cancer and other diseases.

Another instrument of electronics was the invention of Vladimir K. Zworykin of the Radio Corporation of America. This is an electron-gun cathode-ray device, or iconoscope, the very heart of television. Zworykin pioneered in another area of electronics. With James Hillier he developed the world's most powerful microscope. The electron microscope, instead of utilizing light, makes use of a beam of electrons. This new microscope can magnify up to 100,000 times as compared with the 2,000 power of the best optical microscope. Such a magnification would blow up the thickness of this page to about 100 feet. With the aid of this new instrument scientists are now studying viruses and protein molecules which could not hitherto be seen because they are smaller than the wave-length of light. The electron microscope promises help in the solution of some of the most stubborn diseases. The electric eye, X-ray tube, gas-filled tube, special tubes for the long-distance transmission of power and dozens of other gadgets have also come from this new science of electronics.

This is the amazing story which John Mills, sometime member of the technical staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, tells in his usual delightful way. It is told simply and clearly, and represents as fine an example of science popularization as has appeared in many a year. Even those who have been exposed to only the simplest elements of electricity will find the book not too difficult reading. Those who want to know the technical details of construction and operation of these many electronic devices are referred by the author to more advanced books. To the layman, confronted with the wave of wartime advertising showing the "revolutionary, ubiquitous and dazzling electronic world of the future," Mills's book will prove a fascinating clarification.

BERNARD JAFFE

From the National Gallery

Masterpieces of Painting from the National Gallery of Art, edited by Huntington Cairns and John Walker. New York: Random House. 183 pages; 85 color plates. $6.50.

THE GROWING NUMBER of art books with plates, comments and notes of various sorts is all to the good, however supercilious some people may be about them. Leaving out those at a distance, whose only chance to be acquainted with certain pictures is through reproductions, good or bad, we may say that even people who have access to the originals may profit by such volumes. Much of the quality will be lost, but the element of our leisure comes in; we may sit as long as we like, pondering certain aspects of composition, studying relationships, parallels, divergencies and so on among painters and paintings. The very absence of the picture's persuasion and beautiful presence can leave us better settled to weigh certain of its aspects that emerge insistently in the reproduction. A great deal more could be said on this point. I will only add that the more you know about painting or about the originals reproduced, the more you may be rewarded by browsing through one, at least passably good, of course, of these volumes.

This selection from our National Gallery of Art has eighty-five color plates, all of notable works, ranging from Giotto, Raphael, Titian, El Greco, Velasquez, Rubens, Goya to Manet, Watteau, Renoir, Cezanne and many others. The reproduction in color is far above the average. It is not so good as some of the early Phaidon and other Continental reproductions but is clean and effective. The aim here is highly ambitious, and great fidelity to the originals is to be presupposed. As a matter of fact, the color in these plates is bright and with considerable immediate plausibility but tends to lack depth. This limitation shows most in those painters whose method employs much glazing. On the whole, however, the impression of these plates is lively and entertaining, sometimes excellent.

The scheme of editing is to present on the page opposite each picture a quotation from some historian, critic, philosopher or general author plus a short note on the picture, its date, history so far as known, its movements, the owners and collections that belong to its past. These notes are concise and admirable to a degree. The quotations, sometimes one, sometimes more, to a picture, are chosen evidently with the intention of an engaging variety. Some of them, not too many, are stirring matter that points up or illumines the special picture or the whole field of art. Some would be hard to justify, considering how much the editors had to choose from. The lengthy passage from Somerset Maugham,

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Read and judge for yourself

André Gide's

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS

Translated from the French by Malcolm Cowley

HARRY LEVIN, *New Republic:* "In France, once more the laboratory of the world's ideas, countercharges have been weighed and values tested . . . and, though it may be a while before the record is completely straightened out, this oblique little volume contains what may prove to be the straightest part of it. . . . In a time of intellectual inflation, when lesser writers sell out or go soft or succumb to slogans or indulge in conversions, his survival can help us to distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit. The literary market is flooded with imitations, but there is nothing like the real thing."

LOUISE BOGAN, *Nation:* "It is a good omen that the first book to come through from France, in translation, after the silence that gripped that country from the 1940 invasion on, is a piece of literature —and one so fresh and vigorous that it might have been written by a man in his vigorous prime. . . . His trust in life has not been an empty hope; he is free; and he hands the unambiguous key to freedom to us all."

New Yorker: "The translation and editing by Malcolm Cowley are topnotch achievements in their line. Gide's clear but compressed writing is hard to get over to English in such a way as to preserve its distinction, and the technical questions he discusses in connection with French verse need careful elucidation for readers not acquainted with the subject. These pieces were sometimes handled so abominably when they appeared in American and British magazines that it was impossible to tell what Gide was saying, but Mr. Cowley has now rescued them and presented them in a form that reproduces the crispness of style and the sharpness of thought of the original. . . . The dialogues add to one's respect for Gide."

KAY BOYLE, *New York Herald Tribune Book Review:* "For some time to come now it will, very likely, be the fashion to read far more political inference into the writings of authors who lived and were published during the occupation than the writers themselves were ready or willing to convey. In spite of Mr. Cowley's laborious underscorings, it is difficult, indeed, to make this present volume of Gide's serve as a very convincing, or interesting, or important case in point. . . . It would be all too easy a matter to dismiss Gide's present book as a rather sad array of weary little articles. . . . There is such pettiness, such weary irritation, such querulousness voiced here that Gide has clearly no part at all to play in France's spiritual renaissance."

VINCENT SHEEAN, *Saturday Review:* "There is hardly a paragraph of this book which can be said to be straightforward translation. Everywhere we are led by the hand; explanations litter the pages; by addition and subtraction, by locutions and supererogatory un-Gidelike phrases, we are given a flattened out version of what Gide really said. . . . I do not wish to be ungrateful to Mr. Cowley for having undertaken the difficult task of making Gide's recent papers available in English, but I do believe he could have achieved this desirable result with less work for himself and the rest of us if he had stuck to the original text. . . . The book itself has merit enough to rise above the unfortunate system of its translator. . . .

"Gide is seventy-five. Like Voltaire, he has had numerous fatal diseases for half a century. Those who value a reflective and analytical intelligence of rare quality will hope that he survives as long as possible, so as to give us more of these thoughtful pages, animated by the love of life and letters, lit by the sun of wisdom."

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for example, about El Greco is only pretentious bourgeois intellectualism, a kind of exotic banality. On the other hand capital passages are included from Paul Valéry, Santayana, De Sanctis, Hazlitt, Vasari, Baudelaire and others; and to accompany the Van Goghs with excerpts from his letters to his brother is nothing short of inspiration. STARK YOUNG

War Without End

The Art of War, by Sun Tzu. Translated by Lionel Giles, with introduction and notes by Brigadier General T. R. Phillips. Harrisburg, Pa.: The Military Service Publishing Company. 99 pages. $1.
Winter Cherry, by Keith West. New York: The Macmillan Company. 217 pages. $2.
The Phoenix and the Dwarfs: A Play, by George E. Taylor and George M. Savage. New York: The Macmillan Company. 119 pages. $2.50.

AMERICANS who entertain the pleasant fiction that China has always been a pacifist country might revise their ideas by dipping into these three small books. One deals directly with the art of war, one with the conditions inside an ancient court that led to war, and one with modern China at war.

In the introduction to his play, George Taylor states that America regards China as a pacifist nation because we have learned of our Far Eastern ally only through officials and scholars who have always had contempt for the Chinese soldier. We have learned something of the works of Confucius, of poets and painters, but not of Sun Tzu, the great writer on military strategy.

Though Sun Tzu lived and wrote his highly compressed thesis on the principles of war some five hundred years B. C., General Phillips declares that the "ancient master still holds his own" today, and the military student able to adapt his principles to modern warfare will find it a valuable guide. "Chariots have gone and weapons have changed," yet since Sun Tzu deals with fundamentals, with the influence of politics and human nature on military operations, he shows "how unchanging these principles are."

Apart from other military authorities, American army officers now also study Sun Tzu. The Japanese army studied him for decades, while most modern Chinese officers perhaps know him by heart. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is said to have been deeply influenced by him. Perhaps there is nothing really new about the "art" of killing our fellow man and only the weapons change. Like the Homeric Greeks, the early Chinese seem to have used the war chariot much as the modern tank is used today. Sun Tzu's compressed principles on strategy, tactics, maneuvering, communication and supplies, the use of terrain, of fire, the seasons of the year; the classification and use of spies; the treatment of soldiers, including captives, all have a modern ring. The ancient master even gave rules for the blitzkrieg, prefacing them with the words "rapidity is the essence of war."

Aside from the military aspects of this treatise, Sun Tzu's prose is often a literary delight. When starting fires in an enemy's camp, he writes, troops should be to windward and should remember that "a wind that rises in the daytime lasts long, but a night breeze soon fails." Interpreting signs from the enemy's camp, he says:

> The rising of birds in their flight is the sign of an ambuscade. . . . If birds gather on one spot, it is unoccupied. . . . Startled beasts indicate that a sudden attack is coming. . . . When there is dust rising in a high column, it is the sign of chariots advancing; when the dust is low, but spread over a wide area, it betokens the approach of infantry. When it branches out in different directions, it shows that parties have been sent out to collect firewood. A few clouds of dust moving to and fro signify that the army is camping.

The heroine of "Winter Cherry" is one of the young concubines of the Bright Emperor, Hsuan Tsung, of the T'ang Dynasty in the eighth century. The hero, who struggles to come alive but fails in part at least, is Ah Lai, mildly rebellious nephew of the immortal poet, Li Po. Though the fate of these two young people runs through the book like a frail thread, the real characters are the Bright Emperor and his favorite concubine, Lady Yang Kuei-fei, who used her influence over the Emperor to put all her relatives in power. This part of the story is based on history, as is Lady Yang's death at the hands of rebellious troops who had had enough of court degeneracy.

Mr. West seems to have done a great amount of research into the customs, history, literature and philosophy of the period. It is difficult, however, to understand how a culture could degenerate to the extent of turning all the people into formal, stilted conversationalists. One rebellious soldier, a farmer and his wife, and Ham Im, the palace eunuch, are a rather welcome relief from the court personalities, as is An Lu-shan, the rough rebel leader who overthrew the Bright Emperor and expressed contempt for the Chinese. Speaking to Winter Cherry, whom he has carried off, the rebel exclaims:

> And now I have lacked dignity enough to step down from my Northern Throne and become, like you, a Chinese, speaking with three neatly balanced platitudes. You are an insidious race, with no clear edges to your shadows.

George Taylor, the young American scholar, carries forward the Chinese tradition of struggle against decay and the conservatism of the older generation in his new play, "The Phoenix and the Dwarfs." The Japanese dwarfs come knocking with their tanks on the doors of a complacent village in the hands of tax collectors and the landed gentry, who prepare to bribe them. The Japanese wipe out the village and kill most of the old people, and rape the heroine, Mei-lan, who had not yet broken with the past. Eventually the village is rebuilt on its ashes and the young people, including Mei-lan, turn it into a center of *guerrilla warfare.*

The play, as a play, is not good, though it is filled with potent material. The long introduction, however, is excellent, for it gives a graphic description of modern Chinese society, particularly of village life in which the landed gentry are lords, while the peasants are serfs in all but name. The guerrilla leaders hardly speak like guerrillas as this reviewer knows them, but the book is worth reading for the introduction alone. AGNES SMEDLEY

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A House Divided

Divided We Stand, by Walter Prescott Webb. Austin, Texas: The Acorn Press. 151 pages. $2.

SOME DAY "Divided We Stand" will be valued in American history as a great work in pioneering. Webb first published this book in the early thirties and now he has amplified it and reissued it.

"Divided We Stand" was the first searching analysis of the new sectionalism within the United States. Webb attributes our new division to the ever growing centralization in the North of the means of production and the banking structure. This absentee control he finds doubly dangerous because it has reached its present heights at the very time when our democracy has exhausted its land and resource frontier, the presence of which formerly provided opportunity even as it profoundly colored our national pattern of social and economic thinking.

This book, probably because it was the first, has the weakness of being itself bitterly sectional in its wholesale condemnation of the North. This is understandable in terms of the anger of the author when he observes the poverty and backwardness which Northern ownership has inflicted on the South and the West. Nevertheless, the result is primarily to divide us further. Only as an afterthought does Webb speak of that equality which will emerge when all the sections of the country flower and attain equal status. His concern is naturally with the methods and the machinations by which the North exercises complete and tight control over the South and the West. If to do this he glosses over such self-imposed weaknesses as the South's own feudalism, its emphasis on states' rights, the West's marriage to pressure blocs—and the technological gaps which neither the South nor the West has remedied—it is because he so fervently desires to make the point that the blame, generally speaking, belongs on the North.

His proposals for solutions are interesting, as sometimes his examples are not; but his solutions are almost entirely political. In this he is, it seems to me, too narrow. Solutions must come on many fronts and the political field lends itself too readily to obscuring rather than clarifying the troubles. The very recent report of Senator Pat McCarran, who, acting for a Senate special committee, proposed freezing reconversion in 12 Northern states in order that the West and South could utilize their own new war plants without Eastern competition, points up the trend. McCarran's proposal is the contemporary version of the earlier and familiar silver bloc, the farm bloc and all the other avenues of political frustration. These narrow pressure groups constitute a danger which the whole country cannot afford to ignore.

There are men in all parts of the country who are working and thinking on this problem of a divided United States —divided because all sections do not enjoy equal economic citizenship. "Divided We Stand," like Webb's more famous "The Great Plains," ought to be read by every worker in the field, and by all Americans so that they may understand that full employment can never be attained as long as full utilization of the resources of the South and West is hampered by absentee political overlordship and ownership.

A. G. MEZERIK

A Reader's List

WHAT MAKES A WAR END? by Lieutenant-Commander H. A. Calahan, USNR (Vanguard, $2.50). Ingeniously exploiting 1944's sixty-four-dollar question, Lieutenant-Commander Calahan analyzes the circumstances, the "war-into-peace" psychology, that ended nine fairly recent wars, from the American Revolution to World War I. His data and observations are consistently interesting, but not so edifying as the wishful reader would like. Wars end through a "complicated interplay of cause and effect"; no flawless analogies can be drawn between the present war and even such often similar big-time conflicts as the Napoleonic Wars. "A change of regime for the vanquished," the author does conclude, "comes close to being a condition precedent to . . . making . . . peace"; German and Japanese revolutions are likely if we encourage them with "terms" (like promising restoration of freedom) which need not impair the aim of "unconditional surrender." A stimulating book, but admittedly no prophetic revelation.

GERMANY: A SELF-PORTRAIT, edited by Harlan R. Crippen (Oxford, $3.75). This is by far the best contribution to a real understanding of Germany that has appeared in 1944. An anthology of German writings from 1914 to 1943, it includes selections from writers who, for the most part, have not fallen under the Nazi spell and who are as representative of Germany as any Nazi writer. Some of the names are well known in this country: Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Feuchtwanger, Seghers, Toller, Brecht. Others deserve to be better known: von Unruh, Arnold Zweig, Plivier, von Salomon, Kellermann, Leo Lania, Manfred Hausmann, Rudolf Leonhard, Oskar Maria Graf, Irmgard Keun, von Horvath, Carossa, Alfred Kantorowicz, Willi Bredel

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MAXIM GORKI *said "Leonid Leonov is the greatest of the group of modern Soviet authors whose work continues the tradition of Russian classical literature. I place him with the greatest figures of our old literature—Turgenev, Pushkin, Dostoievsky and Tolstoy."*

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER *says "How right Gorki was to praise Leonov years ago and how much more pleased he would be with him now. This book is in the old Russian tradition, yes, but with a new freshness as if a fine creative imagination had tapped some deep source of freedom and energy. . . . I love it."*

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and others. Herbert Eulenberg's portrait of Emperor William II is a satirical indictment of German militarism and its outstanding propagator. Carl von Ossietsky's "These Literary Anti-Semites" is a masterpiece of political pamphleteering by Germany's greatest anti-fascist and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize.

CRIME AND THE HUMAN MIND, by David Abrahamsen, M. D. (Columbia, $3). Goethe once said that there was no crime of which he could not trace the inclination in himself. This valuable study of the causes of anti-social behavior emphasizes that crime is a personality problem in which the individual's criminalistic tendencies, his mental resistance and the particular situation confronting him play the major roles. Dr. Abrahamsen devotes chapters to "The Mind in Relation to Crime," heredity and environment, procedures for the psychiatric examination and classification of offenders, juvenile and wartime delinquency, and the psychiatric background of murder. In a study of the relations between criminal law and the psychiatrist, Dr. Abrahamsen points out important defects in our legal system with suggestions for improvement, and makes recommendations for the treatment of offenders. He concludes with a discussion of how psychiatry can aid in crime-prevention. This is a book that should be of absorbing interest to the lay as well as the professional reader.

PLANNING: No. 227. Reconstruction Plans (Political and Economic Planning. Available through The New Republic, 25 cents). The British people today are eagerly looking forward to profound changes in their economic and social organization. The numerous committee reports and White Papers which the British government has issued during the last four years are striking evidence that conservative government circles too have accepted that outlook. PEP here digests the essential parts of these significant documents. The White Papers on employment policy, social insurance, national health services, education and the major reports on housing and land utilization are summarized with PEP's characteristic clearness. The editors do not silently accept official pronouncements; ministerial timidity and the perceptible lag between factual analysis and public policy are strongly criticized. Although the long-term attitude may be somewhat obscure, the broadsheet says, ". . . the government *has undoubtedly made solid preparations for the transition* from war to peace." And the White Papers do concede that private industry alone cannot undertake reconstruction: government action will be a necessity.

Contributors

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE, consulting engineer, served as vice-chairman of the National Power Policy Commission. His new book, "Brazil on the March," was recently published by Whittlesey House.

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLIVEN JR. is fighting with the field artillery in Germany. He is a graduate of Harvard and was formerly a member of the staffs of The New Republic and The New York Post.

A. G. MEZERIK, industrial consultant and social historian, traveled all over the country to study the problem of reconversion. His articles in The New Republic are reports of what the various sections of America are doing to meet this important postwar problem.

ALFRED KAZIN is the author of a book on modern American prose literature, "On Native Grounds," published last year by Reynal and Hitchcock. He is at present teaching at Black Mountain College.

HARRY LEVIN, an associate professor at Harvard of English and Comparative Literature, has recently revised the translation and contributed an introduction to Flaubert's "Three Tales," published last summer by New Directions.

BERNARD JAFFE is the author of the current book, "Men of Science in America: The Role of Science in the Growth of Our Country," published by Simon and Schuster.

AGNES SMEDLEY'S most recent book is "Battle Hymn of China." Miss Smedley is now at Yaddo where she is working on a play and another book, both on China.

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